

HERE'S A DIAMOND MEDAL FOR ATHLETES SEE PAGE 7

THE NATIONAL
POLICE GAZETTE
THE LEADING ILLUSTRATED SPORTING JOURNAL IN THE WORLD.

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RICHARD K. FOX, |
Editor and Proprietor. |

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MAY 24, 1902.

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Photo by Hall, New York.

DORA WEBB.

IN THE CHARACTER IN WHICH SHE MADE A HIT AT WEBER & FIELDS; SHE IS NOW WITH "FOXY GRANDPA," 14TH ST. THEATRE, NEW YORK CITY.



RICHARD K. FOX.
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR,
NEW YORK AND LONDON.

Saturday, May 24, 1902.

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THE POLICE GAZETTE
For 13 Weeks

VAUDEVILLE GOSSIP.

Clifford and Hall report success in their new act.

Claire Caldwell opens June 1 a tour over the summer parks in Pennsylvania.

George D. Lambson, descriptive vocalist, has joined the Whitney show for the season.

Viola Sheldon has signed as leading woman with Sam S. Scribner again for next season.

May Fisher, of Roble's Knickerbockers, is making a big success in her tough act and song in burlesque.

Will Ferns, of Ferns and Frank, has joined hands with Walter E. Robinson. They are playing dates in the West.

Cruikshank has booked several New England parks and will go with "Peck's Bad Boy" in September, to play the boy.

Frank Gregory, the Western whistler, has just closed a successful season with the Kerkhoff-Locke Dramatic Company.

Thomas Humphrey, recently comedian and director of Gotham City and Bison City Quartettes, has joined "The Hobo Quad."

Matt D. Leslie has signed with the Pawnee Bill Wild West Show for the season, which will be his third season with the show.

The Boyd Brothers have joined hands with Agnes Davidson, and are producing their sketch, entitled "Gussie's Troubles."

Arthur and Stock joined Gus Sun's American Minstrels at Bowling Green, Ky., and are making a success with their burlesque tragedy.

The Great Modas, Frank and Pico, comedy ring performers, have just closed a very successful engagement at the Oxford Club.

Pascatel has just closed on the Kohl & Castle circuit and has signed with Vogel's Minstrels for the balance of the season as a special feature.

Baker and Lynn, who are specially engaged with the Pauline Hall Company, are meeting with big success in their new act, "The Electric Boy."

The Scanlon Brothers, trick cyclists, of Newark, N. J., have added something new and novel to their act and will play parks and fairs this season.

The Wilsons, Fred and Mabel, in their break-away ladder act, have returned from a successful engagement with the Tony Lowande Circus in Cuba.

Matty Matthews, the boxer, has joined George Kelly in a comedy act entitled, "The Arrival of Slatery," introducing their bag punching dog, "Bob Fitzsimmons."

Clara Barnes has closed a successful season as soubrette with Scribner's Gay Morning Glories and joined the Four Cohans in "The Governor's Son" for the balance of the season.

Jack Sutter, one of the few Americans doing a Hebrew impersonating specialty, and doing it good, will appear next season with his wife, who is also a performer, in a new and up-to-date sketch which he has written, entitled "The Hebrew Count and Soubrette."

THIRSTY CHORUS LADIES WHEN NEAR THE THEATRE MUSTN'T WET THEIR WHISTLES

A Stern Manager Says He Hires Them to Wear Tights and Look Nice---Not to Swell Bar Receipts.

TALE OF THE BULL AND THE RED TIGHTS.

They Were Put Out on a Line to Dry and He Ate Them up, and by so Doing He Prevented a Classical Show.

The very latest comes from a Broadway theatre, and it is particularly shocking, especially in this very warm and thirsty weather. But the flat has gone forth, and



Photo by Gottwald Washington.

CLARA STEVENS—LA PETITE ALMA.

A Vaudeville Dancing Act Originated and Taught by Claude Alvience.

hereafter it must be distinctly understood that the ladies of the chorus are hired to wear tights, sing a bit and look pretty, but not to drink. The other night one of the managers made a descent upon the refreshment annex of the establishment and for a time amused himself watching the actions of some of the young chorus women. One in particular persisted in moving from table to table and drinking with several of the millionaires' sons who nightly flaunt around the stage door. The manager called the young woman in question aside and informed her that those on the stage were employed to either handle the lines allotted to them or spears—not to increase the receipts in the rathskeller.

"I'd have you know," she said indignantly, "I'm a lady, and if I told the other girls in the company what you have said they would all quit immediately."

"I couldn't get on the witness stand and swear that you were or were not a lady," was the rejoinder, "but the practice of chorus girls visiting the rathskeller must cease, and cease at once."

The silent actress in question became exceedingly indignant and informing the manager she would teach him a few things, departed. She returned in a few moments with several other young women and said if they weren't permitted in the rathskeller they would quit.

He expressed his regrets, but saved them the trouble of handling in resignations by eliminating their names from the payroll.

There was no show in the Boonton (N. J.) Opera House and Lyceum the other night, and this is the reason:

The manager of the "Get Your Money's Worth" Burlesque Company handed out fifteen pairs of tights to be cleaned in time for the night show, and the men who had the job hustled a half-

barrel of naphtha into a field and proceeded to dip the silken coverings in it, after which they—the tights, not the cleaners—were hung on lines to dry.

Fifteen pairs!

It was a great sight.

It was a dry job, too, and when it was finished the cleaners went to get a drink.

They were a little longer than they ought to have been and when they returned the tights had disappeared.

There was a bull and a couple of cows in the field and they looked suspiciously sleek. A couple of boys furnished the awful evidence, and then the manager of the company demanded pay for the missing garments, but there was nothing doing so far as this fly Jersey farmer was concerned until about 9 o'clock that night, when the granger announced that the cattle were dying as a result of their variegated meal. A specialist might call it a bad case of tights on the liver.

The Boonton air was beginning to be very blue, when the manager and fifteen tightless women boarded a train at the freight house and headed for New York, where new tights may be had at bargain rates.

POSTSCRIPT—The bull died at 11:45. He coughed up three pairs of red tights just before he passed away.

A winsome soubrette—that sounds nice, doesn't it?—who kicked her way into the affections of a Denver bank cashier some years ago, had a twenty-four-hour honeymoon and then went on her way, has another kick coming.

She has been "resting" for a few years, but recently she modestly announced that she was going to return to her first love—the footlights and the music of the band.

With that most laudable object in view she posed many, many times, for many, many photographs. When they were finished they were sent to her flat. (She owns her furniture, you know).

Then began the trouble.

Some one stole her pictures.

Call the detectives!

She did.

And furthermore she had a man arrested.

He swore he didn't take them. Why should he? If he wanted photographs he could pose for them himself. How easy!

They are still missing.

She's a simple, every day chorus girl in "The Toreador," which, by the way, is a comic opera in which Francis Wilson figures.

But she has a scheme.

And because there is money in her scheme she is

York, and then his mistress need have no fear of the vicissitudes of life, and such petty trifles as imported gowns and automobiles will be as easy for her to get as a plate of beef and beans for a millionaire.

There is an actor's song which goes, "It's a long walk from Schenectady to Troy," and there's a good deal of truth in it, but there's a young actress in Boston just now who knows for a fact that it's a deuced long distance from Pawtucket to Providence.

She is expert testimony, because she hoofed it on the highway the other night.

It was while she was in Boston, due to play in a Providence theatre, that it happened. She met two charming young millionaire students, who owned an automobile as big as a freight engine, and they invited her to ride to Providence.

She accepted, but she didn't know at the time that she was about to fly in the face of providence.

As the society papers would remark, "the start was a most auspicious one," and the "bubble" hit up a good clip until Pawtucket was reached.

Then it began to jump fences and hurdle ditches and cut up all sorts of queer capers. Then it stopped.

Time was short.

The little lady was due at the theatre. No vehicle in sight, and nothing but a long dusty road in front.

Then came the pedestrian act, and half an hour late the party arrived at the play house.

Don't believe it?

Ask the Cambridge students, who have composed a song about it.

Eloped, married, divorced and now for the footlights' glare!

That is the brief but harrowing tale of a young woman from Tennessee, who says she needs the money.

You see it was this way.

She loved one man and married another, and when she was taken ill during the honeymoon she raved of the man she didn't marry, and called him all sorts of pet names. Well, it was awkward, to say the least.

The next scene finds the husband with a large, man-sized gun, trying to shoot the fellow who wasn't a husband.

Friends, policemen and rabble to the rescue; arrests made; matters patched up, and then the curtain.

The next act New York.

Terrible place!

Then comes divorce—it's in the very air here—and after that the footlights.

Hurrah!

First, press agent, then the coin. That's how they do it.

But where's the other fellow all this time?

Watch the ferries.

"Women are the same all the world over," remarked the clown, as the Amazonian drivers of the chariots rushed into the ring at Madison Square Garden when the circus was there.

"I saw the chariot race in 'Ben Hur,' but the part where the hero knocks the other fellow over was rather tame after the real thing I saw once.

"You see, there were two women that used to race in those things in a show that did a Western circuit. There always is a rivalry among women who race together, I've noticed, though folks in front seem to think it's all cut and dried. But there was a good deal more than the wishes for winning between these two. They were both good drivers, one in a red chariot and one in a green one, and when they ripped around corners they always got the whole house with them. Sometimes one would win and sometimes another, but one night they met behind the flap before their act and had it out again, and the green chariot woman said that she'd fix the other for keeps. Don't ask me what the trouble was. I never mix with family affairs.

"So they began, as usual, with an uneven start. No one looked for what was coming. On the second lap the green chariot had the outside turn, and all of a sudden it caught the red one back of the wheel and shot it over against the ringside with the biggest smash I ever heard. The house stood up and yelled, and while they



Photo by Luce Rochester.

COURTNEY AND NELSON.

Clever Performers who are Popular Burlesquers, which also Means That They Have Good Figures.

unique among the grand army of chorus ladies. She has opened a savings bank account for the benefit of her fox terrier, Pete, preferring him to all biped rivals.

The bank account was opened at the beginning of the season. It has now grown to a sum sufficient to make Pete independent. By the time—two score or more years hence—when this lady with a scheme shall retire from the stage, Pete will be the richest canine in New

were loosening the splinters and twisted harness and axles the green chariot drove out of the exit and the woman in it was laughing."

WANT A DIAMOND MEDAL?

Every one has a chance. Enter the physical culture contest now by sending in a photograph showing your muscles. There are other prizes in gold.

All is Not Gold That Glitters, but the Gold You Will Read About on Page 7 is the Real Thing

STOLE HIS BRIDE

—BY RIDING INTO CHURCH—

FROM MEXICAN LOVER

Sensational Story of the Nerve Cowboy Who Rode on Horseback Up to the Altar of a Mission Church.

HE FIRST KNOCKED OUT THE BRIDEGROOM.

A Gay Comic Opera Bandit, Who Thought He Had Things All His Own Way, Got All That Was Coming to Him.

The boys on the Rio Grande frontier are telling how one of the best men in the country, "Bat" Malone, made himself famous and won a bride. "Bat" has been through the mill good and plenty. He has been crowded over a high bluff by a herd of stampeded steers, wrecked in a cattle car, held up by robbers, chased by a mob of Mexicans, shot at scores of times, badly wounded twice, bitten by a vinegar roon, had his flesh sampled by a jaguar, hugged by a cinnamon bear, threatened by a red-headed widow, nearly hanged by a misinformed mob, and now it is known that he has stolen the prettiest girl in all Mexico from the hy-

caused the change in the manners of his friends the visitor picked up the carving knife, and with his glittering black eyes fastened upon the Texan, he ran his thumb along the edge of the blade, saying, "Mucha grande cubilla," adding in broken English, "Just the thing to wriggle in the heart of a rival." There was no reply. The members of the family sat strangely silent with their eyes fastened on their plates. But Malone did not know that the man who had broken his arm with a Winchester sat opposite to him boiling with rage and thirsting for his blood. He had never seen the noted bandit and smuggler and he did not dream of meeting his enemy at this place, for the wealthy rancher was known to be an honest man.

The brigand remained at the hacienda until the middle of the afternoon, and during his stay Malone did not see anything of Nadina. Once he thought he saw her walking in the garden with the man he was beginning to hate. The visitor had no sooner disappeared than the pretty girl returned to the side of the wounded Texan, affecting her usual gay manner, but the man who was now desperately in love was not deceived. It was evident to him that the young girl was greatly distressed, but he was unable to discover the cause of her sorrow. The secret was revealed to him soon enough.

A few moments after dark some five or six Mexicans wearing the uniform of Rurales appeared on the porch of the hacienda and one who wore a saber approached the wounded Texan, saying: "Consider yourself under arrest. You are my prisoner." Malone's pistols were in another part of the house and it was useless for him to offer any resistance. The host hurriedly came to the assistance of his guest and after some conversation with the officer he offered to become a bondsman for the Texan. But in reality, the officers were smugglers wearing stolen uniforms. The leader simply stated that he had been sent by his captain to bring Malone before the Alcalde of Alteta. The Texan, supposing some of his friends had got into a row over brands, made no demur, and his horse was brought around to the gate. He mounted

and rode off with the apparent officers. After traveling a short distance Malone's captors left the main road. They told him they were taking a shorter route to town, but the act aroused his suspicion. They did not go far before they halted in a little grove and the prisoner was told to dismount. One of the men lit a lantern, while others stalked the horses. There was no longer any disposition on the part of the bandits to conceal their disguise.

"So, young man, you have been trying to steal the captain's sweetheart?" said the man with the sword. Six Mexicans suddenly rushed on him from behind, threw him down and bound him.

That was Malone's closest call. "When I was lying securely bound among those merciless wretches," says "Bat," "I thought my last hour had come."

About midnight the bandit came and, noticing "Bat," he bowed with mock politeness, saying:

"I owe you an apology for not hanging you on time; but I found the Senora Nadina so interesting that it was difficult to leave her presence. Amuse yourself as best you can; I will hang you at sunrise." All save the chief laid down under the trees.

He sat in silence by the prisoner until the dawn of day. When the first orioles sang he rose and deliberately cut the ropes that bound his captive.

"Here is your pistol," he said. "Now mount your horse and ride. Don't go near the hacienda. If you do you will be killed. Go at once."

The utterly astounded cowboy sprang into his saddle and, waving a farewell salute to the man whom he could not understand, he galloped away.

While riding at full speed over the plains, casting many tender glances toward the roof that sheltered the pretty girl he was leaving, as he feared, forever, he was suddenly accosted by a man on horseback. When the horseman came nearer Malone recognized a peon called Pedro, whom he had often seen at the hacienda.

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One dollar pays for thirteen weeks subscription to POLICE GAZETTE, which insures your getting both the paper and the supplement every week.

"I am looking for you," said Pedro. "Senorita Nadina sent me to tell you not to stop. You must ride away as fast as you can. Here is a gold locket with her picture."

All of Malone's courage returned. It instantly flashed across his mind that the girl had made some great sacrifice to save his life, and while he was loading his pistol he got enough out of the trembling peon to cause him to believe there was to be a wedding that day and the girl was to be married against her will.

He knew the country well enough to know where the chapel was, and as he neared the place he saw several peasants in holiday dress standing around.

Dismounting he remained behind a clump of trees until he saw the bridal party arrive, and they had no sooner entered the church when a desperate idea came into his mind.

He mounted his horse, and spurring on the animal, he rode into the church, whooping and yelling for all he was worth. The crowd was terror-stricken at the apparition.

Nadina turned and saw him and gave a cry of joy. The brigand, who was the bridegroom, reached for a weapon, but Malone knocked him senseless. In another moment he had the girl in the saddle with him and they were riding away for dear life.

The attack had been so sudden that it was entirely successful, and a week later Malone rode into camp with a bride.

"NOW, WILL YOU BE GOOD?"

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

Whipped with his own cane! That was the humiliating part of it. This sporty boy of Wilmington, Del., didn't mean anything wrong when he winked at the good-looking woman who was going the other way, but that didn't count.

The woman who looked so demure had his walking stick away from him in a moment, and the next instant he was getting the thrashing of his life.

He will be more careful in the future.

"CHIP IN, BOYS!"

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

It takes the hoboes to turn a trick occasionally. They did it in Syracuse the other day when they caught a party of merry-makers in a car and made them shell out at the muzzle of a big gun.

They said they had never ridden in a Pullman and they wanted to raise enough money to try it.

If they keep on they'll soon have enough money to buy one.

"ANNUAL" IN IRELAND.

The News, of Waterford, Ireland, in its issue of April 18, 1902, under the title "A Valuable Sporting Book" says:

"One of the most valuable of the many sporting books published in the 'Police Gazette Annual and Pugilistic Record' for 1902. It has been issued for this year in a vest pocket size, and contains the most important records which have a bearing upon all branches of sport. The pugilistic records include the battles of every prominent pugilist now before the public, names of his opponents, locality, dates and decisions. This is the biggest ten cents worth of information ever given."

VELLED POLICE; FIGHTERS FLED.

"Kid" Tutts and Al Corey, a pair of east side bantams, fought in a small hall on Avenue A, New York city, on April 23. The fight ended suddenly in the



JUBONI POLLEDINO.

Bartender in St. Nicholas Hotel, Rockland, N. Y.

eight round by the cry of police, which was raised by one of Tutts' friends just as he was about to be knocked out. The boys put up a fierce battle, pounding each other all over the ring. Corey had the best of the fighting and would have put Tutts to sleep had not the false alarm been given. The referee declared the fight a draw.

FAIR WOMEN

OF CHICAGO WHO ARE

EXPERT BARBERS

There Are 150 of Them in the Windy City.

A STEP TO MATRIMONY.

Half a Dozen of Them Have Been Married Out of One Shop.

One hundred and fifty Chicago women earn a living every day shaving men and cutting hair. There are twenty-five or thirty barber shops in the city where



JOHN BOWER.

Owens a Sportsmen's Store at Shelburne, N. S.

women are employed exclusively. Fifteen years ago there was but one woman barber in Chicago. But today there are one hundred and fifty women barbers in Chicago and they are not confined to any particular part of the city. They are scattered through all sections and have succeeded in dislodging themselves from the novelty that accompanied their entrance into a field so long dominated by men.

Now that the feminine razor artists have established themselves firmly in the industrial field they are considering the organization of a union that shall include all of the woman barbers of Chicago. Most of them look upon this step as the salvation of their business, for they have grown to that period of development where they feel the need of co-operation and self-protection.

In spite of the fact that woman barbers have increased one hundred and fifty times in numbers in Chicago during the last decade and a half, the supply is not equal to the demand at the present time. This is due as much to the growing popularity of women in this line as to any other cause, but there is one element in this connection that is more romantic.

Persons who conduct barber shops in which women are employed are bothered more by marriage than by any other one thing.

"It's really remarkable," said a young woman in a Washington street shop the other day. "No less than half a dozen girls employed in this shop have married within the last two years and most of them met their husbands while they were working on them in the chair. The matrimonial game has grown so strong here that now we expect two weeks' notice when a girl intends to quit and get married, and sometimes she is asked to work a week or two after the ceremony has been performed because it is so hard to get any one to take her place."

Woman barbers as a class are more than satisfied with their occupation.

"I wouldn't change into any other line if I could," said this same woman. "I am compelled to work and I do not know of anything I could do that would be as easy and at the same time bring me so much money. In most Chicago shops woman barbers receive a commission of the profits of their chairs. This amounts to not less than \$10 a week, which is not a bad salary for a woman. The work is light—too light for men I am inclined to think—and I find it not at all unpleasant. The time has passed when a woman barber was regarded as a freak. Few men come into our shop nowadays for the novelty of the thing. We have our regular customers, just as they do in other shops, get our tips the same as other barbers do, and I for one am wholly satisfied with the business. People who don't know anything about the work turn up their noses when some one says 'woman barber' to them. Well, they're wrong, and this attitude of the public is becoming less noticeable all the time."

A TAME AFFAIR.

Andy Bezenah, of Cincinnati, and Willie Stout, of Memphis, went six tame rounds at Indianapolis, Ind., on April 23. The men did no credit to themselves nor to the few faithful spectators, as they were disgusted with the attendance.

Bartenders, Get the Latest!

Keep up-to-date and you will do this if you have a copy of Fox's "Bartender's Guide." It is full of good recipes and costs but 25 cents.



A SUCCESSFUL BONIFACE.

Mr. Kidder, Owner of the Waverly House, New Orleans, and His Bright Son.

menial altar while priest, bridegroom and wedding guests trembled in amazement.

"Bat" was down in northern Mexico some time ago, when a greaser put a bullet in his arm, and while he was trying to fix it at a spring he happened to look up, when he saw a remarkably pretty girl looking at him. She saw he was wounded and she asked him to go to her house.

"My father," she said, "never turns anyone away, and I have a mamma grande who can dress and heal your wound. She is famous. Come, now," she added, with a smile that broke the American's heart. "I will help you up the hill."

Before the suffering cowboy reached the hacienda he learned from the pretty girl who held his arm that her name was Nadina. He received a warm welcome from the members of the family, who happened to be present, and he was so well cared for that a physician who arrived a few hours later found that but little had been left for him to do. The wounded Texan recovered slowly, and several days passed before he began to talk about resuming his journey.

In the meantime Cupid had adopted an old dodge that has proved effectual in all ages and with all manner of people. "Bat" and Nadina suddenly manifested an eager desire to improve their knowledge of the English and Spanish languages. They could well understand each other in either tongue. The pretty girl had attended an American school in Monterey and the cowboy had been long on the frontier.

One fine day when the happy young people were busy with their efforts to master two languages a gaudily dressed caballero made his appearance at the house. Every member of the family appeared to know the man and Malone thought that they all regarded him with feelings of concealed awe or fear. Nadina trembled, and when her father introduced him Malone noticed that the old gentleman was certainly agitated. The visitor remained for dinner and he occupied a seat at the table facing the wounded Texan. The father was strangely reticent, while Nadina seemed to Malone to be terribly frightened. Her face was colorless and her speech limited to monosyllables. While Malone was wondering what had



Photo by Gore Milwaukee

LOTTA MAYDOCK.

"A TRIP TO BUFFALO" GIRL WHO IS IN THE FRONT ROW.



Photo by Ellington Denver.

ETHEL WEST.

CHARMING PERFORMER WHO HAS MADE A GREAT HIT IN THE WEST.



Photo by Gore Milwaukee

BIANCA WEST.

DAINTY SOUBRETTE—BUT SHE HASN'T A VERY GOOD TAILOR.



Photo by Gore Milwaukee

CHERRY SIMPSON.

LEADING LADY OF THE "KING DODO" COMPANY—GOOD, TOO.



Photo by Gore Milwaukee.

ANNA McNABB.

THE MAIN TERPSICHOREAN ARTISTE OF "A TRIP TO BUFFALO" COMPANY.



Photo by Gore Milwaukee

JEAN CUNNINGHAM.

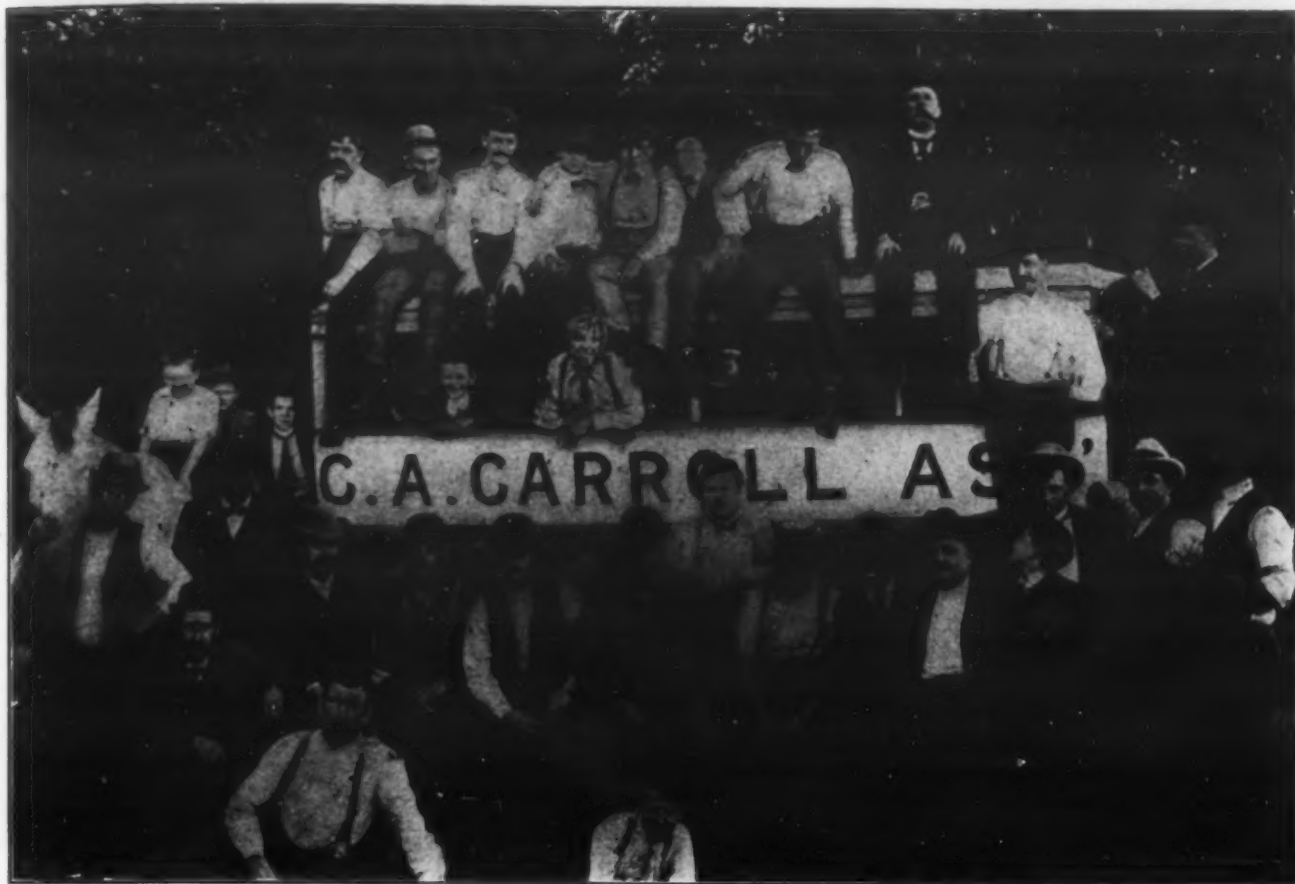
SHE'S NO PAPERWEIGHT SOUBRETTE, AND SHE CAN SING, TOO.



Photo by J. B. Wilson, Chicago.

EMMA WARD.

FAIR OWNER OF THE SAM T. JACK THEATRE, CHICAGO, ILL.



THEY ARE NEW JERSEY SPORTS.

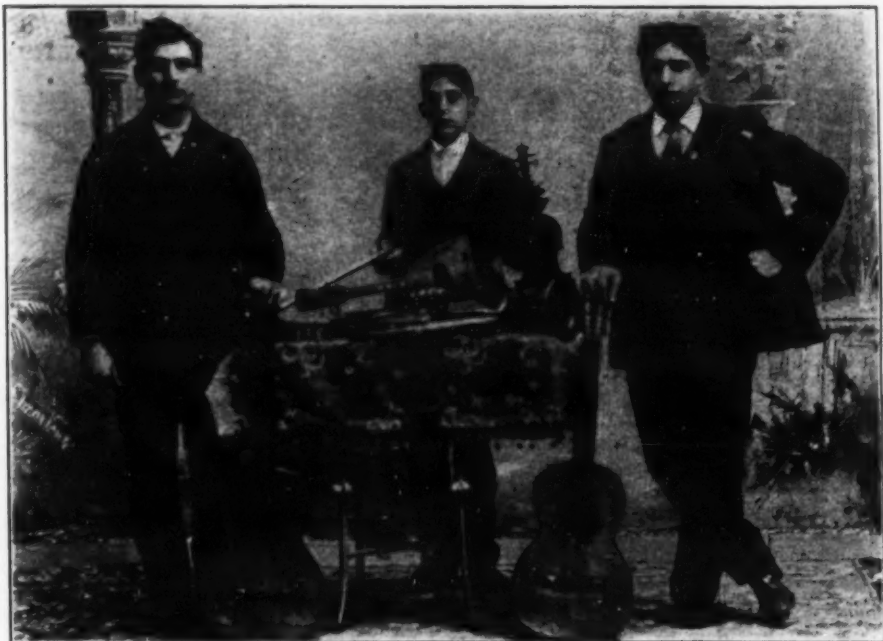
HOW SOME OF THE JOLLY MEMBERS OF THE CHRIS CARROLL ASSOCIATION OF HOBOKEN ENJOYED THEMSELVES ON THEIR LAST OUTING.



Photo by Henshel Chicago.

JOHN J. COUGHLIN.

ALDERMAN OF CHICAGO, ILL., WHO HAS A NATIONAL REPUTATION.



BERNARD BROTHERS.

A TRIO OF UP-TO-DATE MUSICAL ARTISTS WHO WILL SOON MAKE THEIR APPEARANCE IN PUBLIC.



Photo by J. H. Wilson Chicago.

THE QUAKER CITY QUARTETTE.

GROUP OF TALENTED MUSICAL COMEDIANS WHO ARE MAKING A BIG HIT THROUGHOUT THE WESTERN STATES.



A SPORTING BARBER.

HARRY QUEE OF ANTIOCH, CAL., AND HIS GREAT DOG GYP.



A POPULAR RESORT.

THE HANDSOME CAFE AT 708 SOUTHPORT AVENUE, CHICAGO, OWNED BY GEORGE F. ZIRNGIBL, WHERE THE LAKEVIEW BOWLING CLUB MEETS.

WOMEN FASCINATED

—BY THE SOUND OF THE WATERS—

BY FALLS OF NIAGARA

Some of the Many Who Have Met a Tragic Death in the Awful and Merciless Whirlpool.

MANY ROMANCES ARE HIDDEN UNDER RAPIDS.

Lovelorn Girls Pick Out Prospect Point as the Most Suitable Place to End All Their Earthly Troubles.

The great falls of Niagara have hypnotized another victim in pretty Alice Cole, of Buffalo, who had everything to live for. She was engaged to be married, and there was no reason why she should die, or even want to die.

It was the fascination of the water which charmed her. Early one morning she left her home and went to the Falls. For a week nothing was heard of her. Her fiancé was almost frantic and her people followed every clue in vain. Then came a letter from a man, of Los Gatos, Cal., who had stopped at the Falls on his way from England. He stated that he had found a purse on the small bridge leading to Luna Island, in which was a small sum of money, a return ticket to Buffalo, a prescription from a Buffalo doctor, and the visiting card of Miss Alice W. Cole, with these words pencilled on the back:

"Good-by, Ray, mamma, papa and all the dear ones. Do not think that I don't love you all, for I do. The waters are calling me."

The girl had listened to the rushing of the waters till she fancied they had a message for her. She had watched the circling swirl of the eddies and whirlpools and the mighty downpour of the Falls till her weak nerves were wrought with an unconquerable desire to rush along with the waters. Her family and the man she loved would give everything they have on earth to recover her body and give it a Christian burial, but no trace of it has as yet been found, and in the event of its being washed ashore it is unlikely that it could be recognized. When the bodies of suicides are recovered at Niagara the clothing is completely torn off by the force of the water and the bodies are bruised beyond recognition.

Less than two weeks before another young woman of

clutching fast to the rake, to which hung part of the girl's clothing; and the rapids carried her body over the falls.

This girl did not intend to commit suicide. She loved youth and life and gaiety. She was not morose. She went to the falls to pout and think out a way for winning her old place back in her sister's affection. The waters soothed her. She felt friendless. They seemed to talk to her. She grew familiar with their noises. They fascinated her. They hypnotized her. But the moment she felt their cold chill and the force of their blows, the spell was broken and she longed for life. The people who witnessed it said they hoped never to see such another scene. She struggled against it and pleaded for life. Yet she had walked deliberately off the bridge and flung herself into the rushing waters.

It was the same with a school teacher from Corry, Pa., who attempted to kill herself in the lower rapids. She jumped, but before the current caught her two men pulled her out. When she recovered consciousness she wept and said the spell had been broken as soon as she touched the water. She had been working day and night and went to Niagara for her vacation. She said the waters soothed her at first, then fascinated her. After that she couldn't keep away from them, and on the evening before her departure followed an ungovernable impulse and leaped in.

Prospect Point seems to be a favorite suicide spot for disappointed lovers. The waters there must sing a love song as they swirl past the little railing and fall over the precipice. The first tragedy of note, whose pathos could never be eclipsed, occurred sometime ago. One day in autumn a dark Spanish beauty, who spoke broken English, alighted from the stage-coach from Buffalo and engaged a room at the Cataract House.



Photo by Feinberg New York

WALTER STETSON AND MILDRED WANEWRIGHT.

They're in Vaudeville with a New Repertoire of Well-acted and Popular Sketches.

Buffalo did precisely the same thing. One day she walked over to the bridge that connects Green Island with the mainland. There, in sight of two hundred persons, she leaped from the bridge. Her body lodged in the ice near the American Falls, and as people rushed to the bank and peered over the bridge, she begged piteously to be saved. William Connor, of Liverpool, England, who was on the bridge at the time, waded out into the river and succeeded in catching her foot. As he pulled the shoe came off. An expression of agony crossed the girl's face and the waters closed in about her. Some one found a rake and threw it out to Connor. He got it fast in the girl's clothing and pulled with all his might. The rapids pulled against him. At last something gave way. Connor fell back violently,

She registered from Philadelphia. She was about the hotel several days, always watching the arrival of the stage coach, when she confided to the housekeeper that she was awaiting her fiancé, and that they were to be married in Niagara on his arrival. A week passed. There was no sign from him. The beautiful woman became pale-faced and anxious. She haunted the mail box and the incoming coach, and sat for hours at a time gazing into the surging waters.

"They soothe me," she said to the housekeeper once,

SUPPLEMENTS FOR FRAMING

Large half-tone pictures of the champion boxers, famous athletes and actresses. Choice of six for 50c. POLICE GAZETTE OFFICE, Franklin Sq., N. Y. City.

"and I feel as if they wanted to befriend me. I have no other friend on earth; my heart is breaking!"

The next day—she had waited two weeks—she waited for the coach. It was empty. She went down to the Point. An hour after some one saw her sitting there, her chin resting on the railing, her eyes fixed on the rapids below. She did not come in for supper, and they went to look for her. A piece of her dark gown was



"MAJOR."

A Blue Ribbon Fox Terrier of Syracuse.

caught in the railing, and that was all. In her room were two letters—one to the proprietor, inclosing money for his bill, and requesting that the remainder be used for a burial in case her body was recovered; the other was addressed to her lover.

Two days later a distinguished-looking gentleman alighted from the coach, made straight for the Cataract, registered and asked for the woman. He passed out his card; the letter was given him. The man's face became ashen. The details were told him, and they showed him the spot where the piece of her dress was found. All night he knelt by the little railing, and in the morning he staggered back to the hotel and offered any price for the recovery of her body. Three days later it was found, bruised and contorted. He took it back with him to Philadelphia for burial, and the story, as it has come down, relates that his hair turned white and his shoulders stooped in the interval of those four dreadful days.

Since then scores of people to whom the call of the waters was loud, because the call of a loved one was low, have finished their sad romances with a leap over Prospect Point.

Three years ago a woman, young and well dressed, dropped over the ledge, in sight of a hundred people, who did not divine her intention till too late. A moment later, some forty yards down the bank, a man dropped sixty feet to the river below. That night a man and woman who had registered as Mr. and Mrs. John Stanley were missing from their hotel. They never returned. The week before a prominent man in an up-State town had left his wife and two children. The same night the wife of his best friend disappeared, leaving a farewell note for her husband. Two days after the suicides two men in a boat from Chippewa landed and walked up the bank above the rapids. A little way on they stumbled over a ghastly sight. The bodies of a man and woman were wedged between the rocks, so close together that the long, dark hair of the woman fell in wet strands across the man's cheek. The following day a closely-veiled woman and a haggard-faced man identified and claimed the bodies and carried them home to a village up-State. Their names were kept secret for their children's sakes; and for their sakes the mesmeric call of the rushing waters had done society a good turn.

A NEW BOXING CLUB.

Joe McCarthy, of Philadelphia, has blossomed out as the manager of a new boxing club in that city. The place will have 200 boxes, with a seating capacity of five each. Immediately back of the boxes will be 300 chairs, and back of these the raised seats will start, accommodating about 5000 people. The entire seating capacity will be about 10,000. Among the bouts he expects to bring off are "Kid" McCoy vs. Jack Root, McCoy vs. "Kid" Carter, Tim Callahan vs. Young Corbett, Terry McGovern vs. Bill Chester, of England, and Jack O'Brien vs. George Gardiner. McCarthy has guaranteed the men 60 per cent. of the gross receipts, and the first show will be given about May 19.

FOUGHT SIX FAST ROUNDS.

Young Peter Jackson, the colored fighter of California, and "Philadelphia Jack" O'Brien, the clever middleweight, fought one of the fastest and most vicious battles for six rounds at the Washington Sporting Club, on April 28, seen in Philadelphia in a long time. From the tap of the gong in the opening round until it rang at the finish both men fought fast, Jackson having a shade the best of it. O'Brien fought Jackson in exactly the same way he did McKeever, Andy Walsh and Joe Walcott, using his left hand jab with telling effect and every now and then whipping his right across into the colored man's jaw.

Jackson kept rushing O'Brien, though, and in the second round caused blood to flow from O'Brien's nose. In the third round Jackson staggered O'Brien twice with short swings, but received hard left swings on the ear in return. Jackson had the better of the battle in the fourth round, opening the flesh over O'Brien's left eye. He uppercuted his opponent repeatedly with both hands and the Philadelphian appeared very weary as the bell rang. Jackson slipped to the floor in the fifth, which was marked by frequent clinches. The negro continued to hammer his opponent's jaw, but O'Brien jabbed often with his left. O'Brien landed oftener than his opponent during the sixth round, but his blows did not have as much force as those of the negro.

MATADOR CURSED

FOR HIS

BARBARIC CRUELTY

Because He Couldn't Kill the Bull He Was Hissed.

FALL OF A FAVORITE

Which May Do Away With Bull Fighting in South America.

It seems as if bull fighting in South America is ended at last because of the miserable fiasco of the last affair at Lima, Peru. It happened in the Plaza de Toros. There were present 10,000 men, women and children, including the President of the Republic.

Renowned matadors were to give exhibitions of their art, and the most famous of them, Espada Pepe-Hillo, was to do the killing.

Amid a blaze of trumpets this fighting brigade entered the arena. At a signal the bull was let in. He was a black, fiery brute. The toreros and picadors were wildly cheered again and again as they shook their scarlet capes in the enraged animal's face. Several of them had narrow escapes from death. Two had to vault over the stockade to escape the charge of the maddened animal. By this time the bull was tearing the ground in splendid rage. His persecutors were augmented by the arrival of a small army of dart throwers, with beribboned arrows. One of their number, the chief of the band, and a banderillo more daring than the rest, even leaped upon his back, and while balanced on his horns planted two arrows between his shoulders. This extraordinary feat was greeted with deafening applause. There were other exhibitions of courage, but as time wore on the audience wearied of them and finally cried: "Make an end of it! Let him die!"

Then it was Pepe-Hillo's turn to distinguish himself. For awhile the great matador fenced with his furious opponent. Finally the crowd cried "Kill him!" "Earn your salary!" Then, when he tried to comply, his master stroke missed the mark. Pepe-Hillo's life was saved through a dextrous move on his part.

The people were disgusted. For three or four minutes Pepe-Hillo, driven by their taunts, slashed wildly to the left and right in a vain attempt to accomplish his purpose. Finally it was seen that the bull was bleeding from a wound in his side, which is against all the sacred traditions of bull fighting.

At that the crowd stormed their indignation. The President sounded an alarm, which informed the espada that if the bull lived five minutes longer Pepe-Hillo's name would be stricken from the roll of honor. At last, just as the public rage reached its highest point, the bull was seen to tremble, and a moment later dropped dead. "Shame, Pepe-Hillo; you have disgraced your calling!" were the words that rang in the ears of the matador as he left the ring.

CONNOLLY KNOCKS OUT BURNS.

Eddie Connolly, the ex-welterweight champion, knocked out Charlie Burns, of Cincinnati, at the Pyramid Club, Chicago, Ill., on April 28, settling the sturdy, stocky fellow in three rounds. Up to a minute before the knockout the battle was anybody's, and Burns seemed to have fully an even chance with the New Brunswick fighter. In the third round, after a minute of fierce and even skirmishing, Connolly swept his left across and Burns dropped. Charlie sprang up laughing, only to catch a short right on the chin. This time he stayed down for the nine count. Then Eddie fairly hailed rights and lefts until Burns sank down, conscious, but too weak to rise.

In the semi-windup Morris Rauch sprung a huge surprise by thrashing George Munroe, the New York bantam.

RICE WON FROM M'PADDEN.

Austin Rice received the decision over Hugh McPadden, of Brooklyn, at the end of a twenty-round bout before the National A. C., New London, April 28. McPadden was the favorite in the betting before the bout at odds of 190 to 75. Clinches were frequent throughout the fight, McPadden often resorting to that method of saving himself. Rice was the aggressor and had the better of the fighting in the last ten rounds. Honors were evenly divided during the first half of the battle. Rice devoted much of his attention to pounding his opponent's ribs. McPadden's skill and peculiar fighting position helped him to last out the bout. He often was rushed to the ropes, and invariably fought back until the last few rounds. In the last three rounds he contented himself with remaining almost on the defensive.

In the preliminary bout Mike Broderick, of Providence, was knocked out by Leon Miller, a New York negro, in the sixth round. They were to have fought ten rounds at 118 pounds.

FOUGHT A DRAW.

Jimmy Kelly and Willie Lewis fought a fast and interesting fifteen-round bout before the National A. C., Hartford, Conn., on April 29, which was declared a draw by the referee. Both boys were in perfect condition and from the moment the bout began they were fighting. Both tried hard to secure a quick victory. The decision of a draw met with the approval of the spectators.

SPORTING REFERENCE BOOKS

"Police Gazette Book of Rules," "Police Gazette Cocker's Guide," "Dog Pit," 25 cents each. All illustrated. POLICE GAZETTE OFFICE, Fox Building, New York City.

Have You a FOX'S BARTENDER'S GUIDE? 25 Cents---All the Good Drinks in a Most Compact Form

No Color Line in Contest

ALL ATHLETES, OF WHATEVER RACE OR OCCUPATION,
FREE TO ENTER THE LISTS FOR DIAMOND MEDAL.

Talk about success.
Nothing has ever beaten the physical culture contest now raging in the Police Gazette.

The sooner you get your photograph in, the sooner it will receive attention.

And it will be published in the Police Gazette if it is a good one. The way to get the Police Gazette regularly is to subscribe.

\$1.00 for thirteen weeks. It's worth more.

SOME LETTERS FROM ATHLETES.

I desire to enter for your contest a member of our club, Charles Ehlman, and enclosed please find his photograph. When does the contest close?

O. N. STENZIO, Sec'y,
N. Side A. C., Chicago.

[The date of closing has not yet been determined upon in view of the great number of photographs which are still coming in.—Ed.]

NO ONE BARRED.

I see you say in the POLICE GAZETTE that no one is barred in your contest, and so, although I am a colored man, I send you my picture and I think I stand a chance. WALTER WILLIAMS,
198 Townsend St., Chicago.

AN INTERESTING LETTER.

DEAR SIR—I received on April 14th a letter from Copenhagen, Denmark, from a doctor who saw my picture in the POLICE GAZETTE. I was surprised that your paper went so far. He wants me to send him my photo. I thank you very much for publishing my pictures in your paper. I think your paper has brought the best muscular men and boys that any paper could get together, and the one that gets the medal will be worthy of it, because I think it is a close contest and there are some great fellows already entered in it. Respectfully yours for health, strength and vitality,

THOMAS EUGENE WHITE,
Chelsea, Mass.

HERE'S A BRIDGE JUMPER.

I am the young man that jumped off the Brooklyn Bridge Dec. 29, 1901, at 1 o'clock in the afternoon, and I am sending my photograph to enter your physical culture contest.

JOHN S. PINOON,
31 West Main, Middletown, N. Y.

WRESTLERS ENTER.

Enclosed please find photographs for physical culture contest, two of which are those of I. Strauss, the other of Dick Connors, the well-known wrestlers. Both are members of the Pastime Athletic Club.

GEO. BOTHNER, Wrestling Instructor.

NO COLOR IS BARRED.

I have been a reader of the POLICE GAZETTE for ten years. It was the cause some years ago of my taking up physical culture. Please enter me for the contest. I am a colored man and a barber.

EMMETT L. BROWN,
42 Jefferson Street, Savannah, Ga.

A BARTENDER'S ENTRY.

I enclose two photographs of myself. I am a bartender and my friends have been at me to send in my picture, but I thought I would not stand any show for I am not in very good condition. I think your physical culture contest is a great thing.

EXAVIA TATRO, Harrisville, R. I.

HE'S A BICYCLIST.

I am an all-around sport, but by trade I am a barber (colored), running a shop of my own. Bicycling is my favorite sport, for I have begun to train now to ride this spring for the championship of Portland. I enclose two of my photographs, hoping you may have space in your paper to enter them in the physical culture contest.

I. L. BUNNETT,
211½ Fourth Street, Portland, Ore.

A COMMENT FROM VIRGINIA.

The physical culture contest now being conducted by the NATIONAL POLICE GAZETTE, under the supervision of Mr. Sam C. Austin, the well versed sporting editor of that popular journal, is bringing to the front many of the most magnificent specimens of manhood

TEEMS WITH INFORMATION

A midget in size, but a wonder in information—the "Police Gazette Sporting Annual" for 1902. Accurate and authentic records of every description. Price 10 cents.

on the American continent. Photographs of well-developed men from every section of the country are rapidly coming in, and from some of the many we have seen in the recent issues of the paper we surmise the judges will have no light task in selecting the gentlemen who will be declared the winners of the four prizes offered.—*Alexandria (Va.) Times.*

MONAHAN WHIPPED WALKER.

"Dutch" Monahan and Joe Walker fought fifteen fast rounds in Danbury, Conn., on April 28. Monahan was given the decision on points.

A MIXED-UP AFFAIR.

At the West Philadelphia Sporting Club, on April 23, Howard Wilson and Vernon Campbell boxed a very tame wind-up, and neither extended himself enough to become heated. A song was substituted for the semi-wind-up and a jig took the place of the second preliminary. In the opening bout Young Rowan bested Jack Delaney.

WRESTLING IN PHILADELPHIA.

Philip Krieg, heavyweight Græco-Roman wrestler of the Hell Gate A. C., Philadelphia, defeated August Sandberg, of the Hercules A. C., in that city on April 30. The match was under Græco-Roman rules, best two out of three falls. Only one fall was gained, however, Sandberg being injured and unable to come to time. Krieg put Sandberg down in nine minutes. In the preliminary J. Armstrong threw A. Anderson in four minutes.

M'NEILL AND GOODWIN DRAW.

Chester Goodwin and Dave McNeill, featherweights, of Chelsea, Mass., met in the star bout at the Bowdoin Square Athletic Club, of Boston, on April 29. Though it was called a draw, McNeill appeared to have done the cleaner work and should have been given the decision. Joe Cummings was referee, and Denny Murphy held the watch.

In the first bout John Bell had to work fast against Charley Atkins, who was declared the winner at the end of three rounds.

Young Fitzsimmons met Jack Smith of Worcester, who was declared the winner.

The meeting of Martin Canole of Fall River and Young Melody resulted in a fast bout. After six rounds of fine work the referee called the bout a draw.

The bout between Young Nadeau and Jimmy Stone of New York was a lively affair. It was also a draw.

BENNETT STOPPED WILLIAMS.

Jack Bennett, of McKeesport, Pa., knocked out Jack Williams, of Philadelphia, in the third round of what was scheduled to be a six-round bout, in the wind-up at the Broadway Athletic Club, Philadelphia, on May 1. In the third round, after 35 seconds of

second round to prevent a knockout. A battle royal followed and, as usual, afforded much amusement.

BOXING AT EAGLES' SMOKER.

At the Eagles' smoker, held at Hersker's Theatre, Mahanoy City, April 30, the principal features were boxing bouts. In the preliminaries Joe Reilly and Tommy Dougherty, Quaker City lads, drew, and Willie McNeill scored a decisive victory over Fred McPadden in six rounds. A battle royal between five dusky Philadelphians then furnished fun. The purse was divided. For a windup John O'Donnell (Young Sharkey) and George Cole, of Trenton, went ten fast rounds. Sharkey put up a game fight against the colored boy and showed a rapacious capacity for punishment. Referee O'Garra decided the bout a draw.

Sporting Photographs, if good, will be published in the Police Gazette free of charge.

DALY AND RYAN FIGHT.

At the Lenox Athletic Club, Boston, April 28, the main bout was between Andy Daly and Billy Ryan, and proved an exceptionally clean and fast event. The sparring was very even throughout, and at the end of the fifth it was a declared a draw.

FOUGHT SIX FAST ROUNDS.

Billy Farren, of Point Breeze, and Joe Reed, of Boston, fought six fast rounds to a draw in the windup of the weekly show of the South End Athletic Club, Philadelphia, April 30. Reed's awkward style bothered Farren considerably. He did good work at close quarters, and took many a jab from Reed's long left. Farren's heavy rights staggered Reed more than once, but he came back for more, and both deserved credit for their work. In the sixth Farren split Reed's ear, and blood flowed freely.

In the first bout Jack Rice had the better of Young Charley Johnson, after a good fight. In the next bout Jack Falvey beat Leggett Hitchens in a slugging match which went the limit. Billy Austin proved too big for "Kid" Palmer, and after the latter had been floored several times in the first round the bout was stopped.

In the semi-windup Fred Martin gave Tommy Love a good fight for six rounds, but Love deserved the honors at the close.

CHALLENGES.

Tom Lacey, of Hamilton, O., wants a ten-round contest with W. Seidenfaden, of the same city.

Joe Mullins, who is now at work at Mike Devenny's at Norfolk, wants to meet Martin Clagherty.

Young Orante, or "Kid" Olsen, of 199 Columbia street, Brooklyn, would like to hear from any 100 or 105-pound wrestler.

The Pioneer Outing Club, of Wilmington, Del., would like to hear from all uniformed baseball teams



JACOB B. SWARTZ of New York City.

Raging is the word for it. And how the athletes are hustling to get in before the finish. Every mail brings their photographs—in all conceivable shapes and positions.

Pay a little attention to the back page this week.

All colored athletes.

Some of them are pretty good, too.

This is a free-for-all affair, you know.

No color is barred.

No race is shut out.

It doesn't make any difference who you are or what you are, so long as you comply with the rules of the contest and do not forget the coupon.

Here is the goal:

First prize--Diamond medal.

Second prize--\$50 in gold pieces.

Third prize--\$25 in gold pieces.

Fourth prize--\$10 in gold pieces.

It's worth trying for.

And the man who wins any of them will know that he has won on his merits, no matter who he is, what he is or where he comes from.

No favorites are played, and the judges will be impartial.

This contest is not limited to any special locality—you know the Police Gazette is circulated all over the world.

And has millions of readers.

We want everybody who reads the paper to take an interest in this.

And no matter where you live, if you are a well-developed, muscular young man or know of one in your neighborhood, tell him all about it and get him interested.

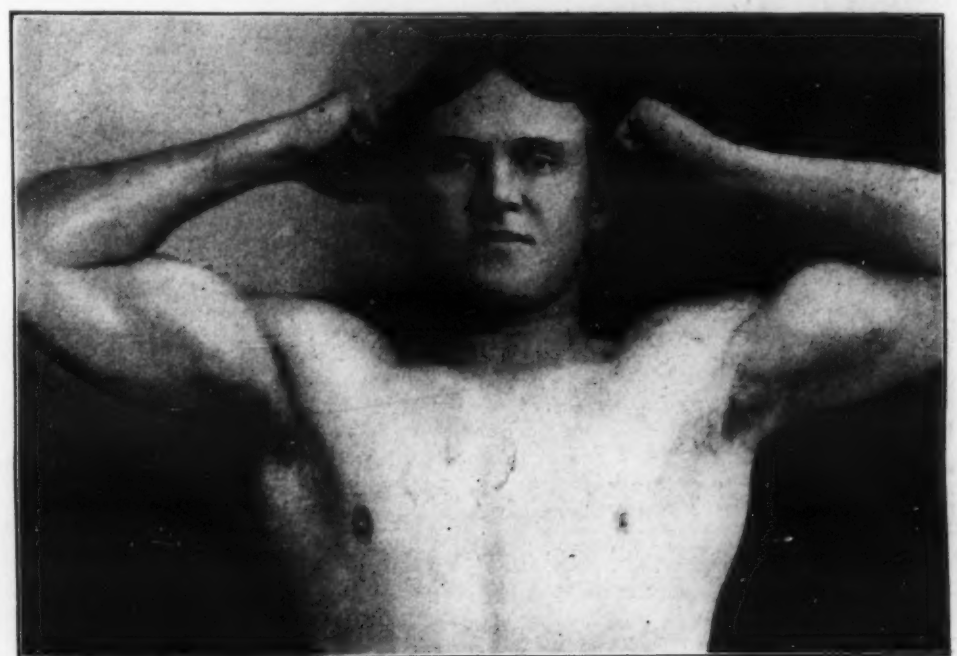
Competitors from little, obscure towns are every bit as welcome as those from the big cities.

Wouldn't rather have them, in fact.

The medal is here.

The prizes in gold are here.

No reason why you shouldn't win one of them. At least have a try.



E. A. WOODS of Detachment A Seventh U. S. Infantry, Vancouver Barracks, Washington.

fighting, Bennett let go his left for the stomach, following it up with a hard right full on the jaw. Williams fell to the floor and was counted out.

In the semi-windup Joe Grim, the Italian champion, took an awful beating from Eugene Spencer, colored. At the end of the fifth round the "champ" was very weak and almost out. Joe came out for the sixth looking much the worse for wear, but stood the gaff gamely and managed to stay the round out.

George Krall and Leg Hitchens put up a very hard fight for six rounds with Krall having the advantage. Young Garritt and Billy Kalb went five fast rounds when Garritt took sick and was unable to continue. The referee came to the rescue of Paddy Clark in the latter's bout with Tom Daly, stopping the go in the

giving a suitable guarantee to play in Philadelphia on Saturdays. Address William J. Bolen, manager, No. 719 Market street, Wilmington, Del.

Young Choyanski, of Louisville, is open to meet any 110-pound man in the country. He will fight any old place he can get a purse.

William (Kid) Snow issues a challenge to wrestle any 125-pound amateur wrestler, best two out of three falls. John L. Shea is his manager.

BOXING IS EASY

"Boxing and How to Train" is an authentic and reliable book on the subject. It is fully illustrated. Price only 25 cents.

BARBER'S BOOK OF RECIPES. Just Published. Invaluable to Tonsorialists. Price 25c. This Office



"CHIP IN, BOYS."

HOW A QUARTETTE OF HOBOES RAISED A COLLECTION FROM A PARTY OF MERRYMAKERS AT SYRACUSE.



"NOW, WILL YOU BE GOOD?"

BECAUSE HE WINKED AT THE WRONG WOMAN, A CITIZEN OF WILMINGTON, DEL., GETS A WHIPPING.



FAIR WOMAN AT THE WHEEL.

SHE INVADES NAUTICAL FIELDS, STUDIES NAVIGATION AND SAILS HER OWN VESSEL WITH INFINITE GRACE AND LOOKS CHARMING.

FITZSIMMONS LEAVES FOR 'FRISCO

TO COMPLETE NEGOTIATIONS FOR A CHAMPIONSHIP

FIGHT WITH JIM JEFFRIES

Another Delegation of American Fistic Exponents Off To England To Participate in the International Fights.

TOM SHARKEY IN HIS CORONATION SPLENDOR

Herford Makes Philadelphia Jack O'Brien an Offer---Dave Sullivan and Young Corbett---Slavin in the Klondike---Small Talk.

Bob Fitzsimmons, following Mahomet's example, has gone to the mountain--only the mountain, in this instance, happens to be Jim Jeffries, champion of the world. Fitz doubtless figured upon the likelihood of a fight with the champion as something extremely remote unless he himself took initiative steps toward clinching matters. Jeff became disgusted with the "lanky 'un's" procrastinating methods when the latter declined the chance to go to California to fight, and had signified his lack of interest in the matter by refusing to cover the \$2,500 forfeit which the Australian recently put up as a sort of squarer when public indignation was at its height. So to still further demonstrate his sincerity Fitz decided to go to California and thereby facilitate matters if a chance of bringing the negotiations to a climax exists. Accompanied by his wife and son, Robert, Jr.; "Soldier" Tom Wilson and Clark Ball, the sage of Bensonhurst betook himself to the far West.

One to see the former champion board the train would think him an envoy of peace rather than one travelling 3000 miles for the purpose of getting on a battle for the heavyweight championship of the world.

"Well, I am going a good distance to see Jeffries," said Fitzsimmons, "but I think it worth the while to get a chance at the champion. When I return I expect to have with me the championship title."

"No, I don't think we will have any trouble in selecting a club. I am sure that Jeffries wants to fight, and so do I. Under those conditions I don't think there will be much time lost in clinching the whole matter. In fact, everything has been settled but the club."

"The articles have been signed and my forfeit has been posted to show that I mean business. Yes, I am feeling in fine condition and will be ready to fight some time in June. The date will be arranged when I have talked the matter over with Jeffries."

Soldier Wilson, who will train Fitzsimmons for the contest, has secured a three months' furlough from the United States army, and he will pass all his time with the Cornishman.

Harriet Hubbard Ayer, the complexion specialist, giving advice to the fair ones of Pike county, Mo., said: "Train your body to rest properly and be beautiful." Guess Harriet Hubbard hasn't ever seen "Kid" Broad or "One-Eyed" Connolly or she would have inserted an exception clause somewhere.

Another delegation of American fistic celebrities went abroad last Saturday on the Umbria. It consisted of Eddie Connolly, the welterweight fighter; Prof. Jimmy Kelly, his trainer, and Abe Pollock, of Chicago, who will look after the incidentals--to wit, paying the bills. Connolly's ostensible purpose in going to England is to get on a match with Pat Daly, who holds the English welterweight title. The Nova Scotian stands pretty well in British fistic circles, owing to the fine battle he put up against Dick Burge, and it is almost a certainty that if there are any fights pulled off during the coronation proceedings he will get a chance. Connolly tells me he has engaged a permanent seat on the "Water Wagon," which in his case means a whole lot. Since he has declared himself out of the booze stakes he has regained something like his old-time form, and several battles which he fought in and about Chicago during the few weeks just prior to his departure demonstrated his ability to remain a factor in ring affairs.

Abe Pollock, the "business guy" of the party, seems to be one of the right sort, and is well spoken of by the Eastern fighters who have happened to need a friend in the Windy City when things didn't break right. Pollock denied all the stories about "Wild Bill" Hanrahan starving to death in Chicago, and showed me a subscription list which he circulated to defray the expenses of bringing the latter's body back home. Conspicuous on the list for various amounts were the names of Pollock, Harry Gilmore, Johnny Corbett, Jack Curley, Malachy Hogan, Sam Summerfield, George Siler and many others.

An automatic hammer, calculated to be a boon to mankind, has just been invented by a Manchester, N. H., man. Please rush one of extra size to Gus Ruhlman's manager to replace the old worn out sledge he has been using the past few years.

Fashion pages are now discoursing of "important features of summer wear," but as yet I have failed to read any excerpts on sartorial splendor, presented by one Thomas Sharkey. I am sure this is an oversight for it was only the other day that the famous Irish fighter received from the atteliers of Moe Levy his coronation tresson, says Charley Matthison, and along the Joins' Causeway, in Fourteenth street, there is but one word:

"The gladiators rage ever!"

A few chosen friends were invited the other day to survey the layette, or layout, in a back room of the Hotel Sharkey. Lazarus, the valet, unfolded the garments. Mr. Sharkey himself stood at the door and received the felicitations of his friends. As a measure of precaution, he put the key in his pocket.

Moe Levy is the undisputed Poole of Chatham Square, but it was conceded that he had outdone himself on this occasion.

They came in blocks of ten. Ten waistcoats ten coats, ten top coats and ten pair of pants--or pawnts,

as Mr. Sharkey has learned to call them, out of deference to the British habit. Also cravats, shirts and boots to the limit.

Mr. Sharkey consented to put on his favorite suit, just to show how he will look when he toddles down Regent street to give the British nobility and gentry a treat.

It is a dream.

The foundation is a rattlesnake vest, decollete, dis-

skinned a mile--his arguments and letters always remind me of what Horace Greeley said of the oratorical efforts of a certain prominent congressional debater, they represent "a diarrhoea of words, but a constipation of ideas." Once in a while though, Herford utters some homely truths, and he got away with one the other night when he offered to bet \$1,000 to \$500 that Young Peter Jackson could stop "Philadelphia" Jack O'Brien in twenty rounds--an offer which, by the way, O'Brien, with splendid discretion, declined. He and Jackson had just finished a six-round "sprint," which the Philadelphia fistic writers declared ended about even. They don't give decisions in the Quaker City, you know. When the local writers only give their townsman the credit of an even break I am always skeptical regarding the truth of the statement. If a Philadelphia has a shade the best of an outsider on these occasions it is customary to blow him up until he resembles a Santos-Dumont air ship, but he may count on getting nothing worse than "an even break" unless he has the misfortune to be "copped," and then it's "an accident," "chance blow," or some other excuse explains matters to the outside public.

In this case, Jackson's friends--ergo Herford--declare that O'Brien didn't break even with the black fellow, and justifies his opinion by offering them a \$2,000 purse to fight again and will bet the amount stated on a knockout. O'Brien is the recognized heavyweight and middleweight champion of England and it would be something to his credit if he showed a disposition to fight some man of class over here--"Kid" McCoy, for instance--instead of relying upon a lot of has-beens to pad out his record.

Dave Sullivan didn't do a wise thing, in my opinion, when he refused to go to Denver last week to fight Young Corbett. He hasn't said very much in the way of explaining why he threw up the job, but a hint or two has been dropped which suggests the probability that he was asked to "take the count" and let Corbett win. At the time the latter and McGovern were

acquired. Only the other day I received from the Klondike information of a battle in which Slavin was knocked out in nine rounds at Dawson recently. It is claimed that over \$50,000 changed hands on the result. Slavin's opponent was Nick Burley, a Californian middleweight. At one time Frank Slavin was believed to be the coming heavyweight champion. He came here from Australia and tried to get a match with John L. Sullivan, who was then champion. Sullivan refused to give the young man a chance, and then later Slavin beat Jake Kilrain and Jem Smith, the champion of England, and was in turn beaten by Peter Jackson for the title. There was an impromptu fight between Slavin and Charlie Mitchell, and Mitchell whipped his man in one round. This took place in an English theatre. Slavin went to the Klondike as a miner, and reports were that he was making money. However, he has gone back to the ring, and the stories of his wealth are probably the fictions of a mining camp.

Speaking about selecting a referee for the Frank Erne-Joe Gans championship fight, Ed McBride (Hotspur) said recently in the *Buffalo Enquirer*: "It was also ascertained that Sam Austin, the well-known sporting editor of the *POLICE GAZETTE*, was offered a chance to come here to officiate instead of Charley White, but he refused. He told me on Saturday that he was through forever with judging ring contests and would pass up the game to younger and nervier men."

It's a fact that I said "a thousand wouldn't tempt me" to referee the fight; but passing it up to "younger and nervier" men, that was cruel!

SAM AUSTIN.

STRAUSS LOST ON A FOUL.

Isadore Strauss, of Philadelphia, pounded Herman Miller unmercifully for three rounds at the Germania Maennerchor Hall, Baltimore, Md., May 2, and then lost the decision to Miller on what was claimed as a foul. Referee George Mantz gave Miller the decision because, as he claimed, Strauss would not break from clinches when ordered to do so.

With arm or arms free Strauss punched Miller's body fearfully. The men fought in the ring, on the ropes and through the ropes and wrestled to falls. In the third round Samuel Miller, Herman Miller's father, climbed into the ring. He was followed by Police Captain Henry and others. The referee was trying forcibly to separate the fighters. Miller had his arm around Strauss' neck and Strauss was playing a tattoo on Miller's body. When the men were separated Referee Mantz gave Miller the decision.

The "Police Gazette Sporting Annual," which is compiled each year by Sam C. Austin, sporting editor of the *POLICE GAZETTE*, is just out. Sportsmen could find no more interesting or valuable reference book than this manual.--*Evening Telegram, Syracuse, N. Y.*

SANTRY AND ABEL DRAW.

Eddie Santry and "Kid" Abel fought an interesting six-round draw before a large crowd at Apollo Hall, Chicago, Ill., on May 1. Abel was the aggressor throughout, while Santry contented himself by blocking. "Bat" Masterson was referee.

"FARMER" BURNS A WINNER.

"Farmer" Burns, the rural wrestler from Davenport, Ia., won a purse of \$400 by beating Prof. Atlas, of Bridgeport, after each man had won a fall. A foul was called on Atlas, the match going to Burns. Atlas protested the decision. Burns has accepted a challenge to meet John Plening of New York, for \$1,000 a side.

RING EVENTS.

"Kid" Davis beat Raymond Wyckoff at the Globe A. C., Philadelphia, on May 1.

Al Johnson, of Albany, was whipped in three rounds at Philadelphia on May 1 by Dave Holly, colored, of Woodbury.

The referee of the Globe A. C. stopped in the fifth round the contest between Ed. Denfass and Jack Butler on May 1 and gave the decision to Denfass.

Frank Smith died at the Allentown, Pa., hospital on May 3 as the result of a blow received in a fight with Hans Hartranft the night before at the Keystone Athletic Association.

Richard K. Fox, of New York, has *The Democrat's* thanks for a copy of the "Police Gazette's Sporting Annual" for 1902, containing valuable statistics of various sports, including athletic, aquatic, pugilistic, baseball, bicycle and turf.--*Doylstown (Pa.) Democrat.*

Buck Montgomery, of Chicago, and Tommy Ryan, of Philadelphia, went six rounds to a draw before the Milwaukee Boxing Club on May 2, Montgomery having a shade on points, though the margin was not enough to give the Chicago boy the decision.

Jack O'Brien made George Cole quit in the fourth round of his six-round bout before the National A. C., Philadelphia, on May 3. In the preliminaries Joe Kelly beat Joe Jackson, Todo Moran beat Jack Harrigan and Griff Jones stopped two opponents in six rounds.

Billy Maharg and Jimmy Simister went six rounds before the Central Athletic Club at Philadelphia on May 3, with the former having all the best of it. In the preliminaries Billy Koek and Jack Ashton put up a good even bout. Tommy Scott and Jerry Fox fought a draw. Dan McLaughlin and the Danish Sailor went part of the first round hammer and tongs, McLaughlin winning with a right swing.

NEW RECORDS.

A new record for the intercollegiate pole vault was made at Philadelphia on April 26 by Gray, of Pennsylvania; 11 feet 8 inches.

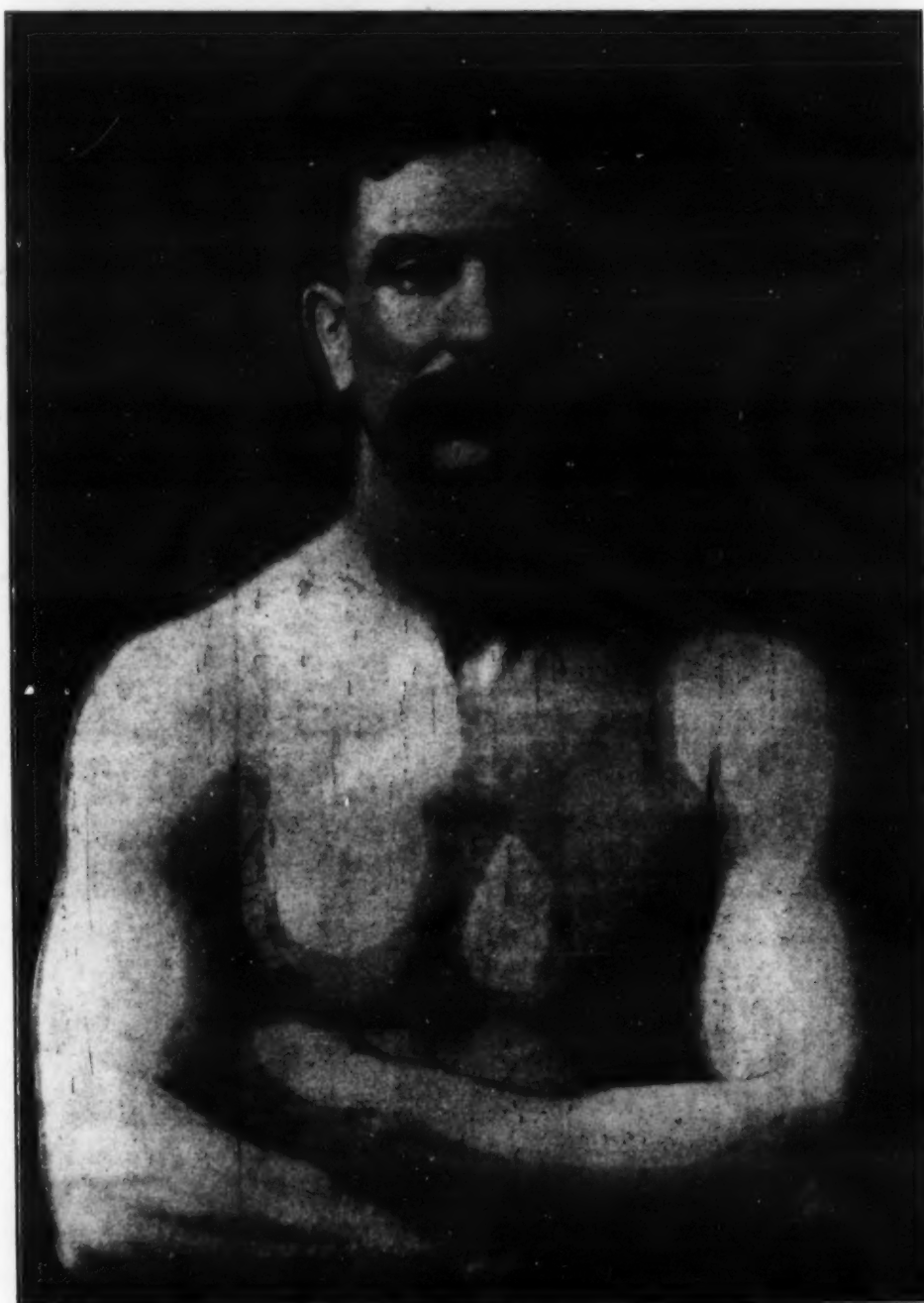
The record for 125 miles in an automobile was made by J. E. Ewing, on Long Island, April 26. He did it in 2 hours 22 minutes.

Jacob Schaefer, champion billiardist, broke the world's record at eighteen-inch balk line billiards by making a run of 148 points in Philadelphia April 26.

Bobby Walthour, at Atlanta, Ga., on April 28, rode a ten-mile motor-paced race in 16 minutes 1 second, lowering all previous records for the distance on any indoor track.

PHOTOGRAPHS WANTED

For publication in *POLICE GAZETTE*. Vaudeville in character, sports, or any interesting subject. Send direct to *POLICE GAZETTE* OFFICE, Fox Building, New York city.



"FARMER" BURNS.

An Old-time Wrestler who has Left his Farm in Iowa and is Now in the East Looking for Matches, Winner Take All.

closing a shirt front in pink and green stripes. Over this a morning coat of seal brown and ecru plaid. Bell top trousers of the hue of pineapple cream, a red tie, white wings collar, blue spats over tan shoes and a bell crowned hat of the model of a young mushroom, complete the picture.

Thus chastely attired, and carrying a thin silver topped walking stick, the sailor paraded for a little space before the dazzled eyes of his admirers. The detonation caused by the explosion of dynamite in the neighboring subway died away to a whisper.

"Do I knock 'em?" demanded Mr. Sharkey. "Does he--he--knock--'m?" gasped the onlookers, and dropped in a swoon.

Which, on the Joins' Causeway, is equivalent to saying that Mr. Sharkey will make King Edward look like two bob.

That whirring noise is Bob Fitzsimmons wondering if he did a smart thing when he dodged Jeffries and that \$25,000 purse.

Al Herford, the manager of Joe Gans, is pretty full of chin music, as they used to say, and as a letter writer he has the whole bunch of fistic impresarios

MEN WHO LIKE DOGS

Will find a great deal of valuable information in "The Dog Pit," published by RICHARD K. FOX, Fox Building, New York city. The price is 25 cents.

matched to fight next October I happened to mention to a man very close to McGovern that the date was a long ways off and that if Corbett was beaten in the meantime the financial value of the match would depreciate considerably. "Don't be afraid of that," was the reply. "Corbett won't make a match with anybody unless the man is easy or can be depended upon to lay down."

Of course, there is no available proof that Sullivan was asked to "run second," but the suspicious manner in which the whole thing was dropped indicates the possibility that there might have been "something doing."

A hypnotist out in La Salle, Ill., has put a whole family to sleep and can't wake it up. Some overworked fistic critics will subscribe to a fund for defraying the gentleman's expenses to Bensonhurst, providing he guarantees to make Fitzsimmons sleep until Jeffries gets a chance to fight somebody.

Paddy Slavin, the "Sydney Cornstalk," as he was called, seems to find it difficult to give up his "rough and rowdyish ways." Notwithstanding that he has passed into a period when fighters like Sullivan, Kilrain, Jem Smith and Mitchell, who were contemporaneous with him, are content to leave the laurels of the ring for younger men to battle for, he still may be found within the ropes trying to uphold the reputation for courage and gameness which he long since

OUR INQUIRY DEPARTMENT

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We Supply Information About Sports, Pugilism, Cards, Army and Navy Statistics, Also Answers on General Topics.

SEND TO US IF YOU WISH TO KNOW ANYTHING

When You Are in Doubt Ask Us to Verify Your Opinion Before You Make a Wager---We Settle All Kinds of Bets.

D. P. V., Chicago.—Only a question of opinion. Cannot decide a wager on that.

S. G. Baltimore, Md.—Which is the best hospital in the United States?.....Little choice between the leading ones.

A. E. H., Everett, Wash.—Tell us if dates are not always considered heads on any coin?.....Dates always so considered.

M. E. C., Warren, Pa.—Where did Jim Corbett and Peter Jackson fight their sixty-one-round battle?.....San Francisco.

C. M. B., Marshalltown, Ia.—A bets B that any straight flush is a royal flush. Who wins?.....A loses. Royal is a sequence, consisting of ace, king, queen, jack and ten of any suit.

F. B. M., New York.—Inform me if a person by the name of Prof. Sixsmith, known in the ring as Jimmy Murphy, fought a fifty-round draw with Tommy Ryan?.....Yes. It was prior to 1888.

L. S., Milwaukee.—As to a certain man's age. The gentleman in question was born in the year 1863 on the 14th day of March. Give his correct age on the next anniversary of his birth, viz: March 14, 1903?.....He is forty years old and it is his forty first birthday.

I. McC., Elizabeth, N. J.—A bets that Jack Dempsey's name was Kelly?.....Kelly is right.

F. U. T., South McAlester, I. T.—Did Sharkey ever get a decision over Peter Maher?.....No.

A. F. G., Ida Grove, Ia.—Get the advice of George Michling, of the Olympic Athletic Club, San Francisco, Cal.

G. H., Bridgeport, Ala.—Can you tell me "Old King" Brady and Harry Brady's address?.....Never heard of them.

A. W., Port Deposit, Md.—Tell me the address of St. Mathew's Military Academy?.....Cannot find any record of it.

P. J. W., Omaha, Neb.—I have a half-dollar dated 1826; is there a premium on it?.....Consult a coin dealer for premium list.

A. W. D., Detroit, Mich.—What constitutes a royal flush in a game of poker?.....Ace, king, queen, jack and ten of any suit.

J. W., Richmond, W. Va.—Why was Corbett and Sullivan never champion of the world?.....Because neither won the title in an international match.

J. S. Jr., St. Louis, Mich.—A bets that any straight flush in draw poker is a royal flush; B bets it is not; who wins?.....B wins. See answer in this column.

A. N., Kansas City.—What is the largest weight ever put up with one hand, and also with both hands?.....By Louis Cyr; 273½ pounds with one hand and 347 pounds with both hands.

F. G., Chicago, Ill.—A game of poker; I hold ace, king, queen, jack and ten of hearts; Frank holds nine, eight, seven, six and five of same suit; Frank claims he also holds a royal flush; what does he hold?.....Frank held a straight flush. Other hand was a royal.

C. M., Higginsville, N. Y.—Would I make a good pugilist? My height is 5 feet 6 inches; weight about 120 pounds; reach, 60 inches; age, 16 years; have good courage for learning it.....With a little more weight you might. Why don't you try in the featherweight class.

Subscriber, Seattle.—McKeever's record shows that it was George Green instead of Dal Hawkins by whom McKeever was beaten in Frisco on May 17, 1897. Unaccountable error in book.

W. M. H., Clifton, Ariz.—Faro bank; A has \$1.00 bet straight up open on the four spot and also \$2.00 straight up open on the seven spot; he tells the dealer "my money (meaning the two bets \$3.00, all the bets he has on the layout) plays the queen open." Now the turn comes queen-four, how much does A lose or win?.....He loses two dollars.

J. W. M., Galena, Kan.—I have a "Sporting Annual," and therein I see that Billy Emerson was knocked out by "Rube" Ferns, and I bet with Mr. Moore that he was knocked out, and having the "Annual" for correct facts, I believe I am correct, but Mr. Moore said he saw the fight and it was a ten-round draw?....."Annual" is correct.

G. W. B., Breckenridge, Minn.—California dice; one party claimed that five sixes was the highest hand obtainable in California dice, as aces counted as any other dice, but not as aces; the other contended that five aces was the highest hand and that aces would count as aces if one chose to so hold them. Which is correct?.....Six is high, ace is low.

O. P., Chicago, Ill.—A opens a jack-pot on eights and sevens; B stays and raises on four flush; in drawing A throws away a seven in mistake and draws one card; B did not make his flush after draw; A bets a check; B raises, and A calls; B says that is good and throws his hand, but A did not have openers, he only had a pair of eights. Who wins?.....A wins.

N. B., Miles City, Mont.—A bets B that he will beat him the first shake out of the box; B bets that he don't beat him the first shake out of the box; A bets both shake a tie, who wins? Two-handed seven-up game; in case of a tie for game, who is entitled to it. The dealer or non-dealer?.....1. If A only ties B, he certainly doesn't beat him and therefore A loses. 2. Non-dealer.

P. P. Nelson, Hayward, Wis.—Whatever candidate was seated and fills the office, wins the money.

A. A., Springvale, Me.—When was it Jim Hall and Bob Fitzsimmons fought in Australia?.....February 10, 1890.

J. L., Utica, N. Y.—Can you give me the whereabouts of C. Charles Hamilton, of Buffalo, N. Y.?.....Have no idea.

George R., West Allis, Wis.—A shakes four fours in three shakes; B shakes four fives in two shakes; has C the same number of shakes as A?.....Yes.

S. W., Doniphan, Neb.—Who is the best fighter in the United States, considering weight and age?.....Stand off between Jeffries and Terry McGovern.

Reader, Cleveland, O.—1. Seconds for Fitz were Jack Everhardt, "Yank" Kenny, Dan Hickey and Martin Julian. 2. Fitz was knocked down four times.

S. C. C., New Bedford, Mass.—Would a man under the heavyweight limit be entitled to the heavyweight championship of the world, providing he should defeat the heavyweight champion?.....Yes.

R. P. B., Philadelphia.—Did "Philadelphia Jack" O'Brien get larger purses when he was abroad than any other fighter ever did? Did John L. Sullivan visit

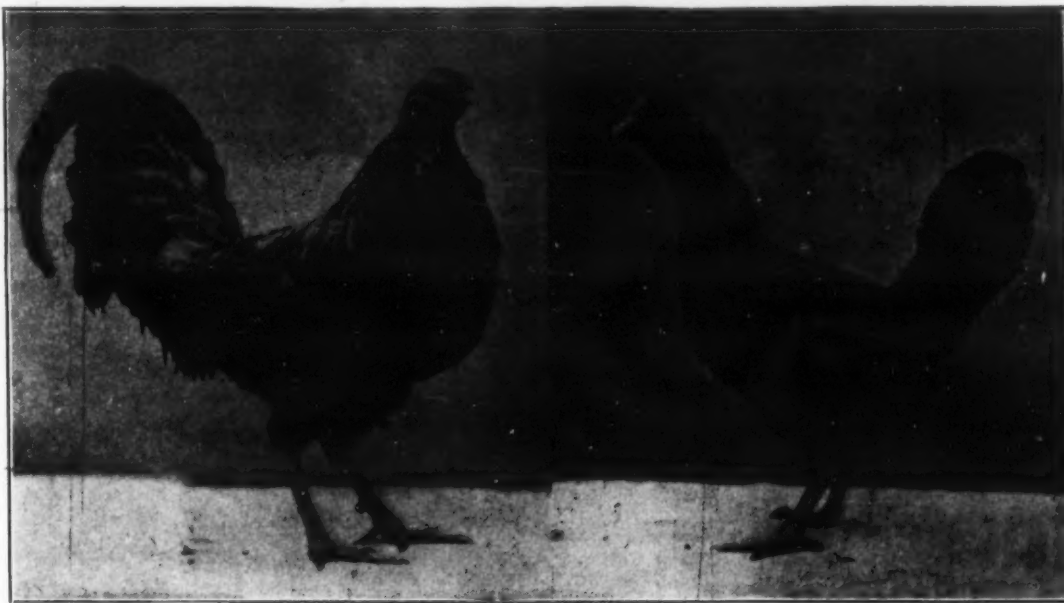


Photo by Buttorff York Pa

A FIGHTER AND HIS MATE.

This Pair of Handsome Eagle Head Game Fowls were Hatched in March, 1901, at Al. C. Ziegler's place, 144 South Queen Street, York, Pa.

Europe more than once? What was the amount of purses that he fought Charley Mitchell, Jake Kilrain, Paddy Ryan and Jim Corbett for? Did he ever fight any of his prominent battles for \$1,000? What size purse did John C. Heenan and Tom Sayers fight for? Was any of this country's burlesque companies ever taken to Europe, and if so by who? Is the "Sporting Annual" published yearly?.....1. Decidedly not. 2. He has, but not to fight. 3. \$2,500 a side; \$10,000 a side; \$5,000 a side; \$25,000 and \$10,000 a side. 4. His fight with Flood was for \$1,000. 5. Yes, many of them; Lederer and others. 6. Yes. Other questions answered in the "Police Gazette Annual."

BASEBALL GOSSIP.

Billy Lauder is doing great stick work for the Giants.

The Cleveland Club has two fine young pitchers in Wright and Joss.

Sheppard has received \$1,000 advance money from the Baltimore Club.

Harry Gleason promises to be as good a ball player as his famous brother.

Frank Bonner, the former Toronto player, is doing well at second for Cleveland.

Ned Hanlon is to be congratulated on securing such a good second baseman as Flood.

Cleveland has released Pitcher McKenna, and he will probably sign with the St. Louis Nationals.

St. Paul fanatics have organized a chapter of the Order of Rooters, the organization of baseball enthusiasts incorporated at Columbus.

Manager McGraw will give Pitcher Robert B. Lawson, of the University of Maryland, a trial. Lawson signed with the Boston National League team last year and pitched several games for them, and also played the outfield.

Umpire Johnstone, of the American League, says the double-umpire system is the best, not because

THE COCKER'S GUIDE.

If you want to know how to breed, feed and train game cocks send 25 cents to this office for this book, which is a recognized authority on the subject.

It makes less work for the umpires, but because it is surer; there is less kicking by the players and the public is better satisfied.

Boston has picked up some fast youngsters, and has a better team than it had for several years.

Walter Brodie is now playing centre field for New York. Van Haltren has been shifted to left field.

Pittsburg may take a trip around the world after the present season, provided the club wins the pennant.

Ahearn, Brooklyn's new catcher, gives every promise of developing into one of the best backstops in the country.

Carl Lundgren, the captain of the University of Illinois team, will join the Chicago in June. He is a crackjack pitcher.

The Hoosiers have let out Harry Teal. He is the duck who was pictured in Chicago prints as the Red's new backstop.

Ned Hanlon has released "Wee Wee" Prout and Catcher Armbruster, while New York has turned Pitcher Dupee adrift.

Clymer, who played with Buffalo and other Eastern League teams, is acting as manager of the Louisville Western League team.

Emmett Seery, the old-time outfielder, has an orange grove in Florida, not far from one owned by Ed. Andrews. These noted outfielders are said to stand under the trees and catch the ripe fruit as it falls.

BICYCLING.

L. E. Mettling and Bobby Walthour have challenged Nat Butler to race for the possession of the Bransard prize, which he recently won in Boston, and which pays him \$4 a day while he remains unbeaten in a bicycle race under the terms for which this trophy is raced.

PUGILISTIC NOTES.

Young Yanger is to box an unknown on June 2, for a side bet of \$25.

George Lavigne and Jimmy Britt are matched to meet at the San Francisco Athletic Club on May 29.

The Crescent Athletic Club of Toronto is trying to match Joe Walcott with some good man for May 26.

Harry Tuthill, the well-known trainer of fighters and also manager of Tom "Jabber" Carey, of Yonkers, is anxious to match his man against Young

PHOTOGRAPHS

PUBLISHED

IN THIS ISSUE

"Major," a handsome fox terrier, who has won first honors at the dog show, is owned by William J. Saam, of Syracuse, N. Y.

Juboni Polledino, who is employed as a bartender at the St. Nicholas Hotel, Rockland, N. Y., is shown in the clothes he wore when he was a sailor. He is going home to Italy in a few years.

Joe Tipman, the clever featherweight fighter of Baltimore, Md., is creating quite a stir in pugilistic circles, owing to the quick way he has disposed of his opponents in the last few weeks. Tipman made his first appearance as a fighter in Baltimore a little over a year ago as a preliminary boxer. He has drawn to his credit with George Dixon and Eddie Lenny, and he has defeated Lew Ryall, Jimmy Kelly, Young Sharkey and Johnny Burns of New York.

Alf. Marriott is a clever 125-pound fighter, and his handlers are Charles Shaw and Jerry Irvine, of Philadelphia, Pa. Marriott won what was to have been a twenty-round go before the Pastime A. C., of Mayaguez, P. R., in three rounds, beating "Kid" Torrey, of Syracuse, and won side bet, purse and 125-pound championship of the island. A preliminary between "Spike" McGowan, of Baltimore, and Luke Reynolds, of Kansas City, went five of the hottest rounds ever seen there, both men trying for a knockout, Reynolds winning on a foul in the last few seconds of the fifth round. This was the first fighting held in Mayaguez, and the Portoricans are stuck on the sport.

FELTZ DRAWS WITH GOODMAN.

Tommy Feltz, of Brooklyn, and "Kid" Goodman fought fifteen rounds to a draw at Boston April 30. They weighed in at 115 pounds. The Brooklynite had the advantage so far as science went, but Goodman was the stronger of the pair. Feltz did nearly all of the leading and was the aggressor in most of the rounds.

Feltz rushed Goodman to the ropes several times in the first few rounds, and Goodman was apparently saved by the bell at the end of the third round.

Throughout the bout Goodman pounded his opponent's wind, while Feltz paid most attention to Goodman's head and face. Goodman sent Feltz to the floor in the ninth round by an uppercut. The Brooklynite retaliated by jumping to his feet and drawing blood with a swing on the jaw. Both were weak when the final bell rang.

John Butler, of Lynn, and Bob Montgomery, of Boston, fought six rounds to a draw in one of the minor bouts. In the other Jimmy Gardner, of Lowell, knocked out Jack Taylor, of St. John, N. B., in the third round of what was to have been a six-round bout.

HOGAN WAS OUTPOINTED.

Tommy Hogan, of Chicago, and Tim Callahan, of Philadelphia, were the principals in the wind-up at the Golden Gate Athletic Club, Philadelphia, on April 29, and Callahan had no trouble in adding another victim to his already long list.

For six rounds Callahan jabbed Hogan's face with a straight left and put home weakening body blows with his right. It took almost three rounds for the body punches to tell on Hogan, and in the fourth he was weak. After doing a lot of clean face-jabbing, Callahan put his right on the heart and Hogan weakened. Callahan stepped in with two rights and a left on the jaw and Hogan reeled. He was going fast and Callahan did his best to finish him, but could not get home on the spot and the bell was a welcome relief. The fifth and sixth were about the same. Hogan came back fairly strong, and several times got his right on the body and left to the

head, but not hard enough to hurt Callahan, and the only mark Tim had at the finish was a cut over the eye. It was Callahan's bout all the way. In the preliminaries Young Jack O'Brien outclassed Harry Mack, sending him down and out in the first round. Freddie Fredler, the ex-amateur champion, and Hughey Dougherty fought six hard rounds. In the second round Fredler took the count, but came back and gave Dougherty as much as he received and the honors were evenly divided at the close.

In the next bout Al Jansen, of Chicago, met Jack Falvey, of Buffalo. Fred McFadden refused to meet Dave Holly, drawing the color line. George Richardson was substituted and was outclassed. After McFadden had almost thrown him out of the ring in the third round the bout was stopped.

E. L. Livingston, of Carson City, Nev., has offered a guarantee of \$5,000 for a finish fight between Joe Walcott and George Gardner, on July 4.

"Kid" O'Brien, the clever boxer, who knocked out Young Wood in the fourth round at the James Athletic Club on April 30, is willing to take on "Kid" Corbett.

It is said that "Kid" Ashe does not care to fight Eugene Bezenah at the Admiral Athletic Club in Kentucky on account of the prejudice against his race in that State.

Acting on the orders of Chief of Police Hilton, of Salt Lake City, the officials of the Athletic Club gave Young Donovan the big end of the purse with Phil Green.

Gus Gardner, the Philadelphia lightweight, who has been in the West for over two years, is back East looking for a fight with the best man that can be gotten to meet him.

Jack McClelland has been offered 75 per cent. of the gross receipts for a twenty-round bout with Young Corbett, to take place on May 24 at Toronto. He has accepted.

In Allegheny, Pa., Frank Sutton and Con Crowley were to have met in a ten-round contest. But when the time came Crowley declined to go on, saying there was not enough money in the house to pay him for his trouble.

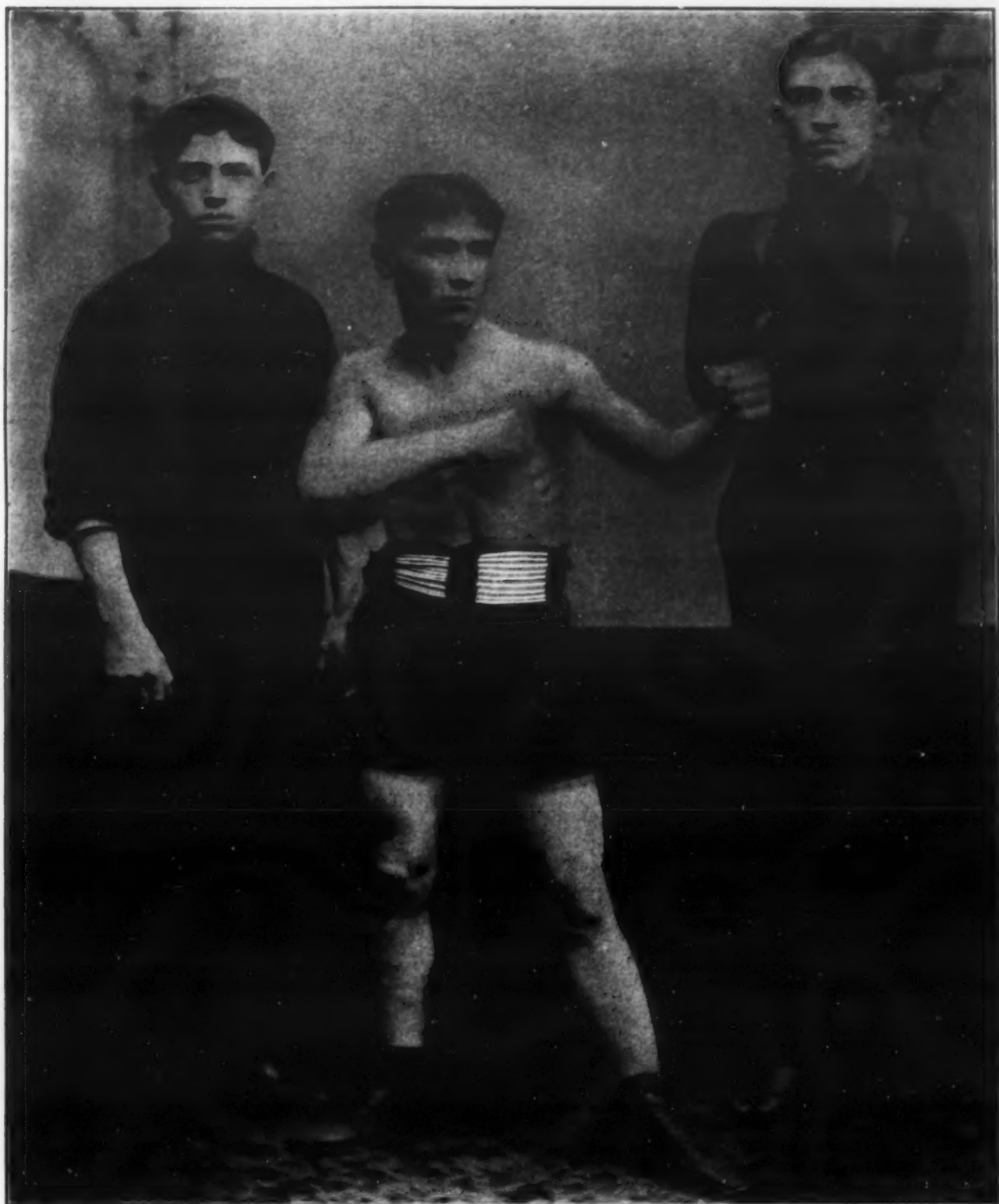
Tommy Sullivan, the Brooklyn featherweight, who has been out West, is after Young Corbett, the featherweight champion. Vernon Johns, Sullivan's manager, has posted a forfeit to fight the Western boy at his own terms.

Charles Wittmer, of Cincinnati, O., won a mixed wrestling match on April 30, at Worcester, Mass., from Hjalmer Lundin, of that city. Lundin won the catch-as-catch-can in twenty-one minutes and two falls at Greco-Roman were won by Wittmer in twenty-seven minutes respectively.

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THE BOOK OF RULES

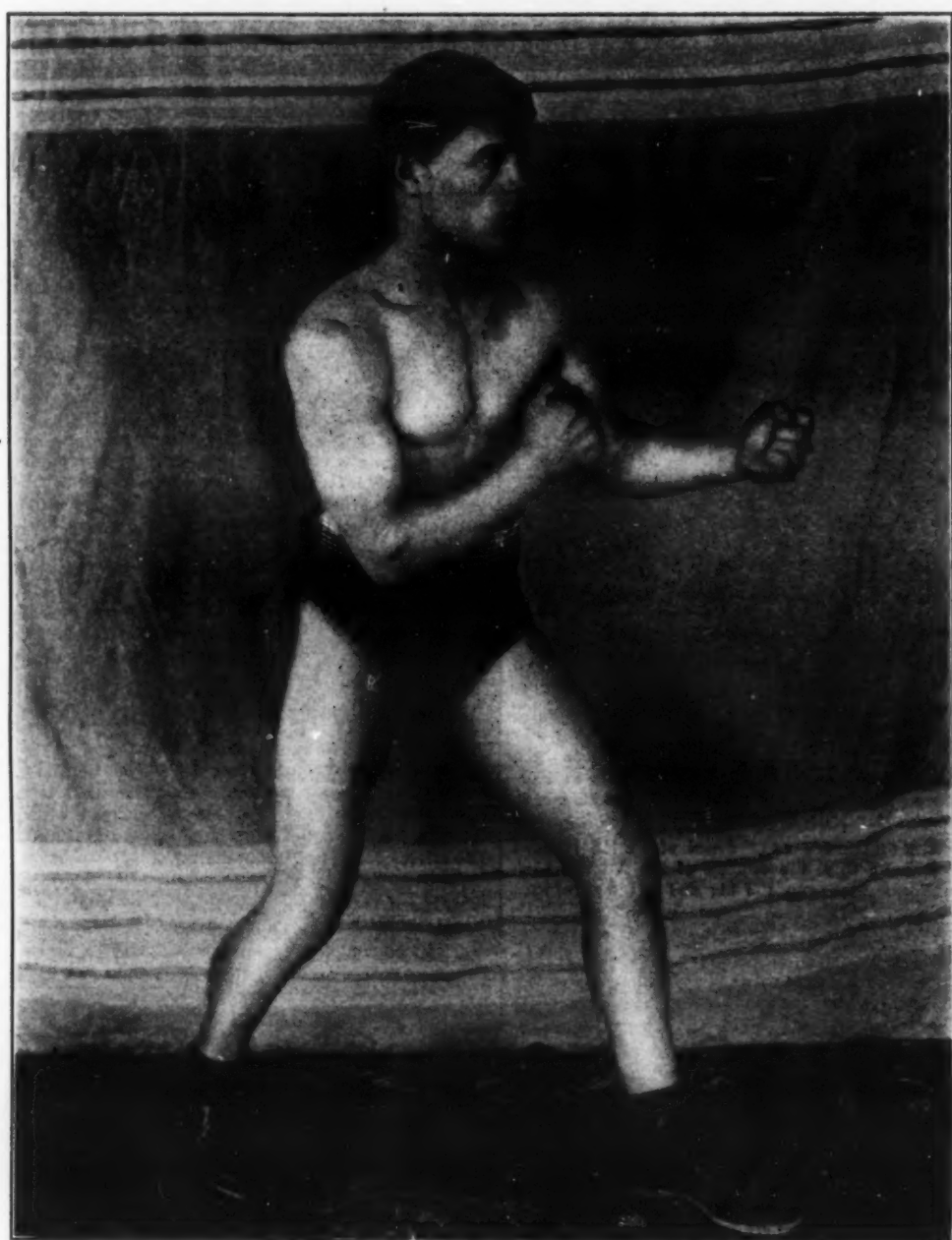
This is one of the most valuable publications ever issued. It contains the rules governing athletic contests, etc., etc. Price, 25 cents.

**"KID" LEMAIN.**

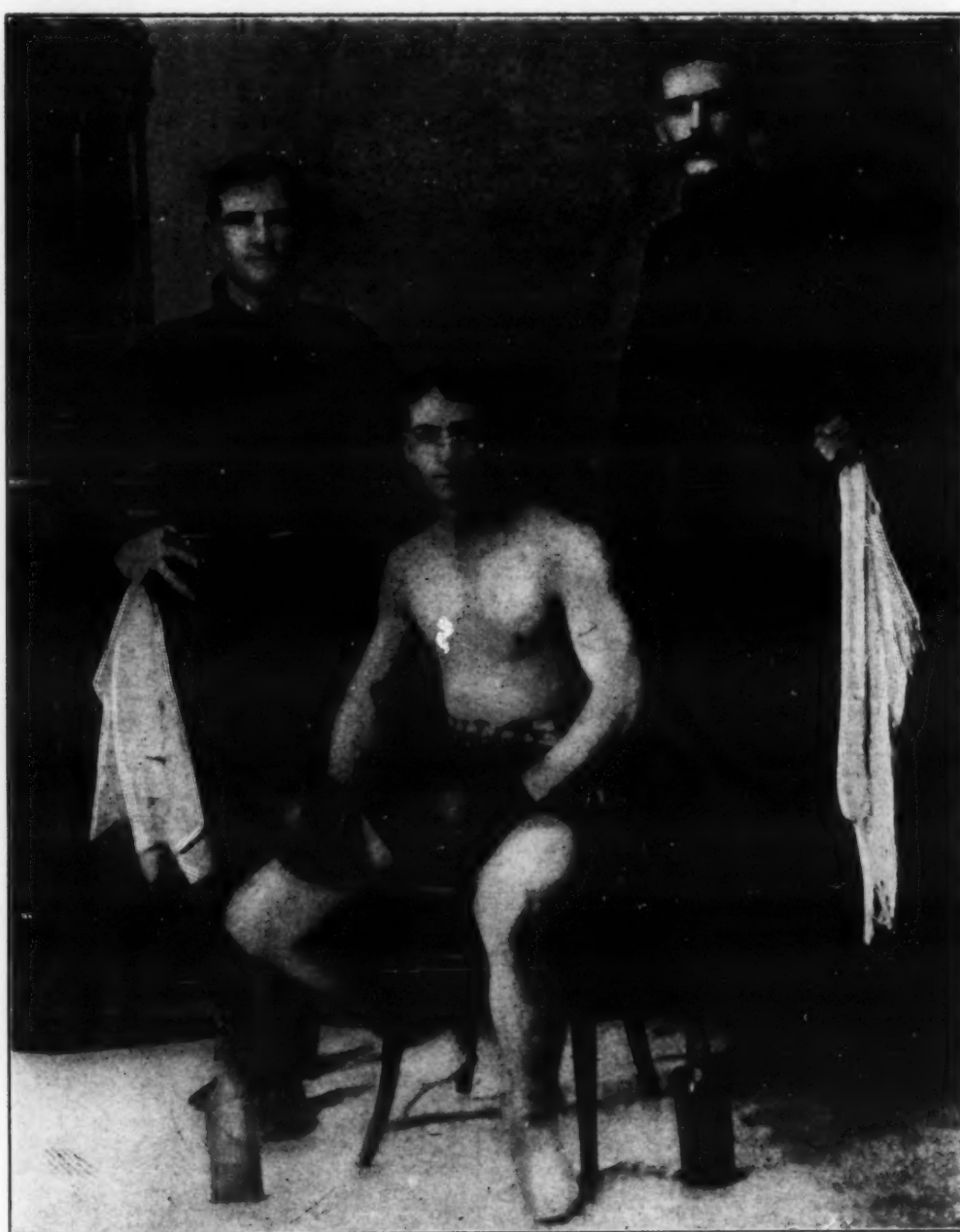
A STURDY PUGILIST OF BROOKLYN, N. Y., WHO IS LOOKED UPON AS A COMER, WITH HIS TRAINER AND MANAGER.

**JOSEPH RESONI.**

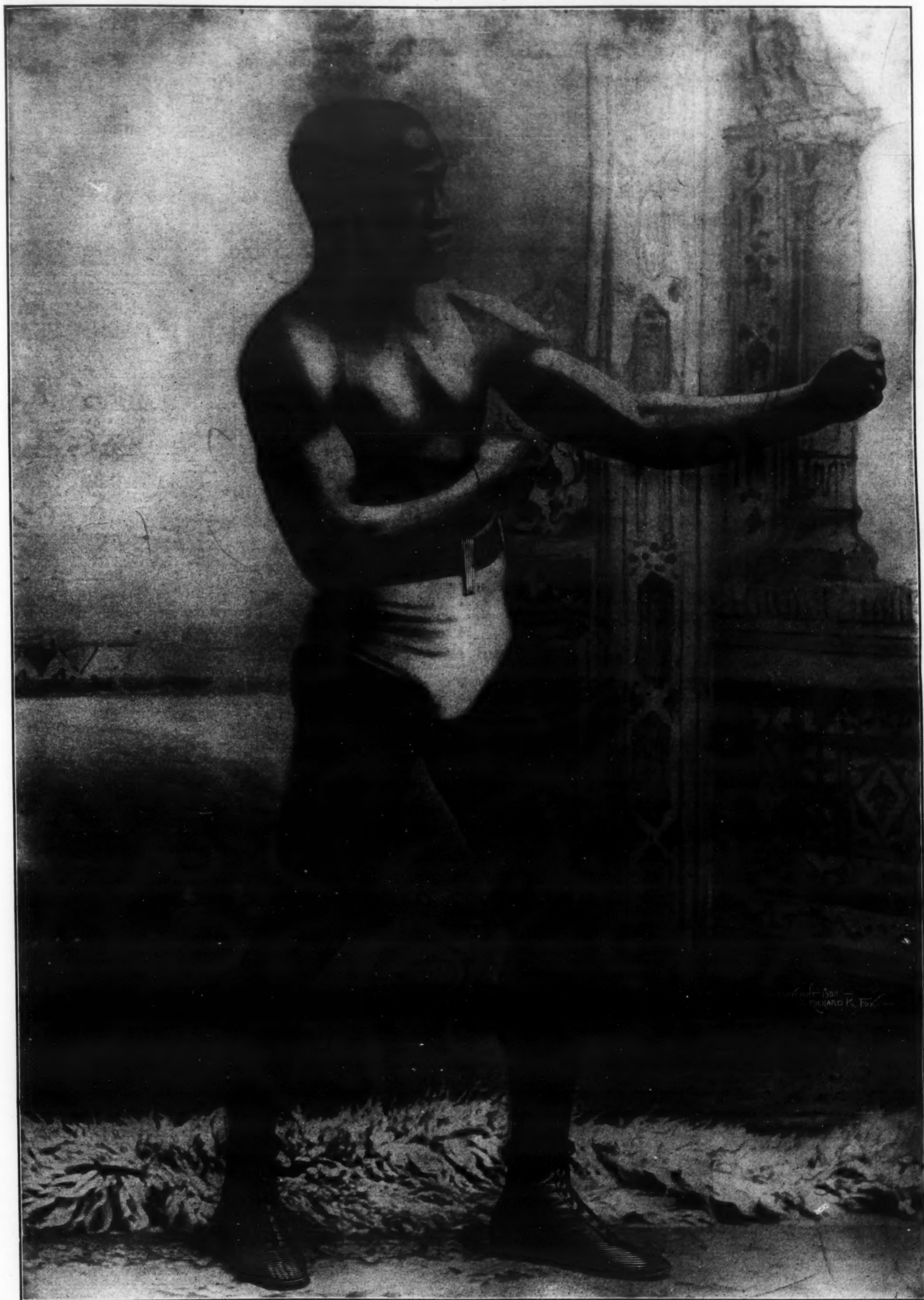
AMATEUR 145-POUND WRESTLER OF NEW YORK, WHO IS 'ANXIOUS TO GET ON A MATCH.

**JOE TIPMAN.**

A CLEVER BALTIMORE, MD., BANTAMWEIGHT BOXER WHO HAS MANY VICTORIES TO HIS CREDIT.

**ALF MARRIOTT.**

HE CLAIMS THE 125-POUND CHAMPIONSHIP OF PORTO RICO, WHERE HE HAS BEATEN MANY OPPONENTS.



YOUNG PETER JACKSON.

HARD-HITTING COLORED WELTERWEIGHT PUGILIST WHO SEEMS TO HAVE ACQUIRED THE KNACK OF MAKING HIS OPPONENTS QUIT.

WELL-KNOWN SALOONMEN

V. W. Hardenbrook, a Prominent Saloon-keeper of Walkerton, Ind.



V. W. Hardenbrook is a well-known saloonman of Walkerton, Ind., and an official of the Interurban Athletic Club of South Bend, Ind., which position he has held since the organization of the club.

PERSONALS.

Luke Flynn is doing a good business at his bar, 9 and 11 Railroad street, Willimantic, Conn.

One of the best bars in Willimantic, Conn., is at 187 Main street, kept by John F. Hennessy.

One of the best known saloonmen in Willimantic, Conn., is Nelson Gilman of 851 Main street.

Sporting men patronize the cafe of James Donohue at 831 Main street, Willimantic, Conn.

Harry Blendenham, of 14 North Thames street, Norwich, Conn., is a very popular saloonman.

The Imperial Cafe, Park and Spruce streets, Lawrence, Mass., is owned by Thomas B. Murphy.

J. J. Casey is one of the leading saloonmen of Willimantic, Conn. His place is at 44 Jackson street.

John Murphy & Son are doing a good business at their bar, Park and Hampshire streets, Lawrence.

There is no better known saloonman in Norwich, Conn., than A. S. Carpenter, of 252 Main street.

J. J. Reagan & Co. are the proprietors of the Lowell Tavern, a well-known resort of Lowell, Mass.

The Franklin House, of Lawrence, Mass., owned by C. M. Dickey, has been entirely refurbished.

Richard W. Tobin is always glad to meet his friends at his place, 106 Franklin street, Norwich, Conn.

MILL STREET DREAM.

(By John J. Costello, Rondout, N. Y.)

Use a mixing glass half filled with ice; three dashes of syrup; two dashes of Angostura bitters; three dashes of Orange bitters; one jigger of Vermouth; one jigger of rye whiskey; stir well and strain in large cocktail glass; add two cherries and top off with sherry wine.

SUBSTITUTE DIDN'T LAST.

Tommy Hayes, of Hoboken, N. J., was substituted for Tim Callahan at Armory Hall, Chester, Pa., on May 2 and 2,000 sports saw Eddie Lenny, a local boxer, put him out in three rounds.

HART PUTS CARTER OUT.

After eight and a half rounds of terrific fighting, Marvin Hart, of Louisville, knocked out "Kid" Carter, of Brooklyn, before the Southern Athletic Club at Louisville, Ky., on May 3. The bout was a slugging match up to the sixth round, but the pace had been so swift that during the last four rounds both men were staggering around the ring, hardly able to stand, and neither seemed able to land an effective blow.

It was merely a contest of endurance and the knock-out blow, a left to the jaw, was delivered when Hart himself seemed almost ready to fall.

Both men were severely punished. Carter's right eye was closed, his lip was cut and his face was bloody, while Hart's right eye was badly swollen and the blood was flowing freely from his nose and mouth when the bout ended.

WEINIG DROPPED BY CHOYNSKI.

Al Weinig, of Buffalo, was knocked out by Joe Choynski, of Chicago, before the Empire Athletic Club, Louisville, Ky., on May 2, in the sixth round of one of the fiercest bouts ever fought in that city. Both men were forced to take severe drubbings, and Weinig's defeat came after a display of gameness rarely equaled in the prize ring. Twice in the sixth round he was knocked to his knees by Choynski's hard rights and lefts to the jaw, but each time he came up ready for more punishment. He was too dazed, however, to defend himself, and Choynski finally beat him down, landing him against the ropes unable to move. It was several minutes before he was able to rise, and even then he was badly dazed, for when Choynski attempted to shake hands with him, Weinig squared off ready to continue fighting, unconscious that he had been counted out. Prior to the sixth round Weinig seemed to have the better of the bout, and in the third round the bell was all that saved Choynski from a knockout.

MISCELLANEOUS.

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WRESTLING.

Tom Jenkins can have a handicap match with James Parr, of England, if he wants it. Parr has come to the terms except regarding holds offered by the champion wrestler.

Walter Willoughby, the clever middleweight wrestler of the Street Railroadmen's Association, of Buffalo, is out with a challenge to wrestle any man in Buffalo who does not weigh over 160 pounds. He is especially eager to meet Clarence Bouldin, the "Cuban Wonder," or "Butch" Saar.

John Piening the butcher boy wrestler, undertook to throw both Oscar Hansen and Fred Mohl within fifteen minutes, on April 28, in New York. The butcher boy did not carry out his contract, however. Hansen held Piening off for nearly ten minutes and Mohl stayed the rest of the time easily.

DRAW FOR THE CHAMPIONSHIP.

The twenty-round bout at the West End Athletic Club, St. Louis, Mo., May 1 for the bantamweight championship of the world, between Harry Forbes, of Chicago, the present holder of the title, and Johnny Reagan, of Brooklyn, N. Y., was declared a draw by Referee Siler. The decision was unpopular, the majority of the large body of spectators being of the opinion that the New Yorker was entitled to the verdict by more than a fair margin.

Reagan put up an excellent fight. His footwork and blocking and slipping of blows was fine, and he left the ring fresh and unmarked. Forbes, on the other hand, was very wild in his delivery and throughout the fight failed to land a blow that in any way distressed Reagan. Reagan played for the stomach principally, and his well-directed blows to that region had Forbes in distress, especially in the closing rounds of the battle.

M'COY IN THE RING AGAIN.

"Kid" McCoy easily bested Fred Russell, of Chicago, in six fast rounds before the Industrial A. C., at Philadelphia, on May 2. Russell towered several inches above McCoy and had the advantage of weight by thirty pounds. Both of these advantages, however, were discounted by McCoy's cleverness and good ring generalship. The Chicago heavyweight bothered his clever opponent for the first four rounds. Although he was unable to catch the latter on the lead, his exchanges and infighting were vicious, and several times McCoy narrowly escaped a knockout blow.

In the fifth and sixth rounds McCoy had taken his opponent's measure, and time and again caught him with double left-hand blows. Twice in the fifth he landed with swinging right-hand leads.

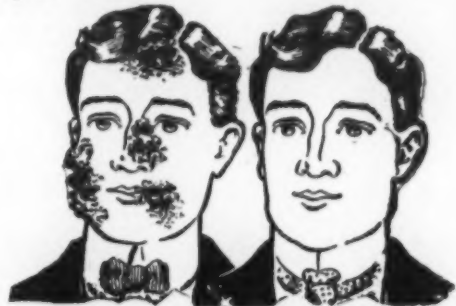
In the sixth round McCoy made it so interesting for Russell that the latter became very tired and was continually forced to save himself from being knocked out.

McCoy was not in good physical condition, while Russell appeared to be trained to the minute. Russell impressed every one as being a good, strong heavyweight, fast on his feet, and with a dangerous left-hand swing. His judgment of distance was poor, and McCoy had no difficulty in ducking, slipping and sidestepping his leads.

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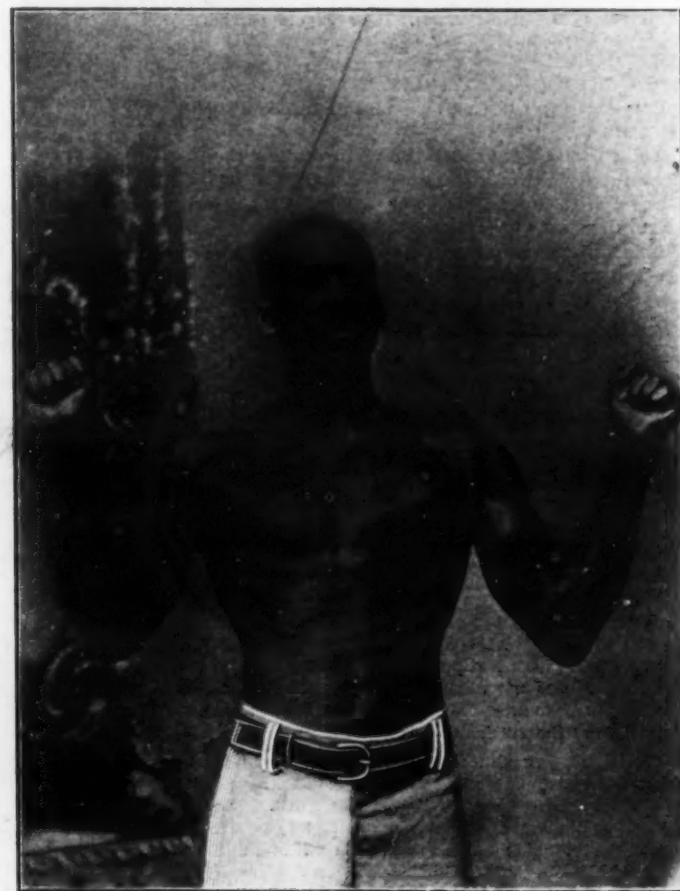
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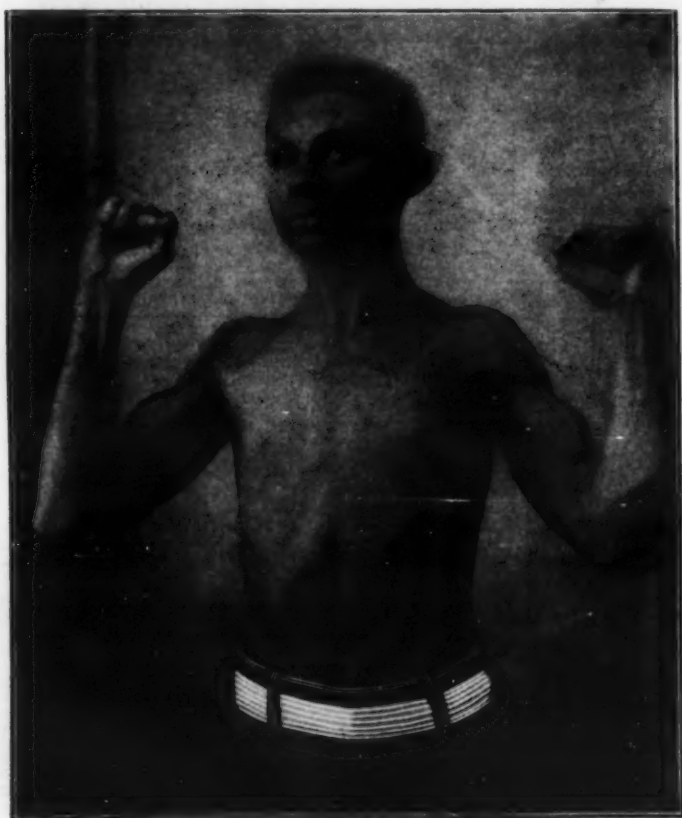
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